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# Beauty

## AND THE BUTLER

By GORDON HILLMAN

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19 AUG 1947

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THERE had been a remarkable increase in traffic past Mr. Sanderson's estate since the arrival of Frederick, the beautiful butler.

It was, Mr. Sanderson thought, a wonderfully composed of two species of humanity: young maidens who wished to admire Frederick's face and physique and envious neighbors who desired to hire him themselves.

Mr. Sanderson knocked several thumps from one of his roses and admired Frederick himself. Frederick was at present clad in yellow shorts and he was energetically watering the lawn.

Frederick stood six feet high and had the figure of a Greek god, now nicely tanned to an old mahogany. Frederick's face was not Greek, but it was handsome. He was about twenty-six, which is no age at all for a butler.

He was not yet much of a butler, but he soon would be if Mr. Sanderson had anything to do with it.

Frederick laid down the hose and loped gracefully to where Mr. Sanderson stood, tall, thin, bald-headed, and looking rather like a Roman senator, except for his clothes, which were shocking.

"Sir," said Frederick, "that Mr. Dawson, he was over earlier and offered me a good bit more than you're paying."

Mr. Sanderson took that information calmly. "And what did you do, Freddie?"

Even Frederick's scowl had charm. "I said no. He wouldn't let me run round in shorts and get a nice suntan."

"Dawson," Mr. Sanderson said, "has delusions of grandeur."

"Yes," said Frederick, "he's a great big goof."

That settled Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Sanderson only hoped that all his other avaricious friends and neighbors could be disposed of as easily.

Without Frederick, Mr. Sanderson, who was uncomfortably conscious of his sixtieth birthday, would not have been able to live on at his home at all, since his aged cook and his equally aged parlormaid had seen fit to retire.

"Got to take the laundry down to Mrs. McLane's," Frederick told him and galloped away.

Mr. Sanderson got out his large green watering-pot and made a mental note of the fact that Frederick showed more interest in the subject of laundry than was entirely natural. He would have to look into that.

And since everyone in the district

was having servant trouble, he would have to wage constant warfare to keep his butler at all.

Some time later there was a sharp sound of hoofs and an excited black horse came into sight at a canter. Seated astride it was Mr. Sanderson's sister Althea.

She pulled her mount up, slipped from the saddle, and tied him to Mr. Sanderson's gatepost.

Mr. Sanderson put down the watering-pot. "Good morning, Althea. You're looking splendid."

This was entirely true. His sister was wearing well-cut riding clothes, with a felt hat perched jauntily on her head. As she came clattering up the steps, Mr. Sanderson was conscious that it wasn't for his benefit she had dressed up so much.

He followed her on to the verandah, where they sat down.

"Don't you think the garden's doing well this year?" said Mr. Sanderson.

"Stop beating about the bush, Joe," Althea said in her velvet-soft voice. "You might as well make up your mind now that I'm going to get Frederick away from you."

Mr. Sanderson began to organise his defences. "No! No! Won't do at all at your age, having Freddie galloping round your garden in his shorts. Cause a scandal."

His sister's green eyes blazed. "Are you insinuating anything?" Abruptly she changed her tactics and became soft and helpless and feminine. "Now, Joe, darling, you know you don't need a butler as much as I do."

Mr. Sanderson started to enjoy himself. "He isn't anything of a butler as yet. Just a big clumsy boy."

His sister happily began rearranging his life. "You could move down to the hotel, dearest. You'd be much more comfortable."

"I will not move down to the hotel," said Mr. Sanderson.

Althea arose sweepingly. "Oh, yes, you will, brother dear. You'll have to when I get Frederick away from you. And I am certainly going to get him."

She went dashing down the long wooden steps and mounted the black horse, which immediately stood on its hind legs. She struck him with her crop, and they went away at a gallop.

Frederick's head appeared from beneath the verandah. "Gosh, sir!" it said.

"A very instructive conversation, Freddie. I hope you heard it all."

The rest of Frederick's nut-brown body emerged. "Most of it, sir."

Mr. Sanderson's pale blue eyes began to twinkle. "And how would you like to work for my sister?"

"I'm scared of her," said Frederick simply.

At four-thirty in the afternoon Mr. Sanderson's estate really came to life. At four-thirty Mr. Sanderson dressed himself up elegantly, put on his newest hat, took his ebony stick, and seated himself at a table in the garden.

"Freddie!" he called into thin air. Frederick immediately materialised in a black double-breasted coat, white shirt, black bow-tie, white waistcoat, and striped trousers. He was bearing a lacquered tray.

"Your tea, sir."

Mr. Sanderson inspected his third best china service, which had been in the family for forty years. He sniffed at his tea.

"Toast, sir."

The toast was cut in strips with a little marmalade on it.

"Delightful, Freddie. Is there some cake?"

Frederick whisked off a cover.

"Not very good, sir, I'm afraid."

"Not at all good," said Mr. Sanderson. "Nevertheless, I shall have some."

He ate and Freddie hovered while envious persons passed by and mentally cursed Mr. Sanderson for a bloated capitalist.

Mr. Sanderson enjoyed that because he wasn't one. Had those same persons seen him in the morning, they would have thought he was a broken-down gardener, and Mr. Sanderson would have enjoyed that too.

Mr. Sanderson, who had retired from business when he was fifty, had always made a practice of getting as much amusement out of life as he could, and he intended to continue doing so.

It was great fun, for instance, to let Frederick run wild in his shorts all day and then snap him into the semblance of a butler at four-thirty sharp. It was also good for him.

Mr. Sanderson waved his hand. "My cocktail, Freddie."

Please turn to page 4



"I would love to stop some other time to look at your garden," Mrs. McLane said.

*Elizabeth*

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## Beauty and the Butler

Continued from page 3

MR. SANDERSON pushed back his hat and surveyed his house. It was an oddly ugly cottage, once painted green, now gone black with the salt wind and fog. A verandah ran round three-quarters of it, with lattices cunningly placed to ward off too intense sun. Looking at it, no one would have conceived how comfortable it was inside.

No one would have imagined either that its further reaches once housed a staff of four servants. Mr. Sanderson looked back on that lost splendor and thought of dinner parties for twelve with the dark table banked with roses.

Frederick appeared with a small tray, a silver shaker, and a glass. "Your cocktail, sir."

Frederick was really remarkable when he was properly dressed. Mr. Sanderson realised that sooner or later some of his neighbors would succeed in luring him away, unless he could be securely anchored. Mr. Sanderson proposed to anchor him.

"Freddie, how's that chicken we're supposed to have for dinner?"

Frederick's forehead wrinkled. "It's still a little blue, sir."

Mr. Sanderson shuddered. In time Frederick might be made into the semblance of a suave butler; it was utterly impossible that he would ever become a cook.

The next day was warm and drowsy, so Mr. Sanderson gleefully took off his shirt and began war on the weeds. Several tourists who saw him were sure he must be an inmate of some poorhouse.

He paused momentarily as Frederick came galloping by. "Got to go down to Mrs. McLane's, sir."

Alarm bells started ringing in Mr. Sanderson's brain.

"But you took the laundry over yesterday."

"Forgot to tell her something about it, sir," said Frederick.

That, Mr. Sanderson knew, was a transparent lie.

"Ah, yes. And this is your afternoon off, isn't it?"

Watching him go loping down the road, Mr. Sanderson decided it was high time he had a look at Mrs. McLane. He could then determine just how dangerous she was.

So he ascended to his bedroom and dressed himself with great care in tweeds. He chose a stout ash stick and then stepped out into the road. A red motor-car was coming along at a slow crawl and at its wheel was his cousin, Marjorie Wood.

Marjorie, a long, lean, lanky girl, had only recently been discharged from the Army. Some unknown circumstance had suddenly instilled in her a passion for being democratic.

She had only the other day waylaid the iceman and insisted on his telling her his troubles. This iceman, who did not wish to be democratic with anyone, had sworn he'd give up his run if she weren't stopped.

"Good afternoon, Marjorie," said Mr. Sanderson. "And why are you lurking about?"

Marjorie's voice was so astoundingly deep that it made Mr. Sanderson jump. "I'm just admiring your garden, Cousin Joe."

"Admire ahead. And how do you like being out of the Army?"

Marjorie tossed her dark bush of hair. "I don't. Everything's so dull. I wish I were a sergeant again."

Mr. Sanderson thought that the privates in his cousin's unit must have led miserable lives. He was also sure that Marjorie was up to something, but his mind was now on Mrs. McLane.

He cut across the corner by the church and came to her small, neat house with its white picket fence. Since there didn't seem to be any bell, Mr. Sanderson rattled the screen door.

A soft voice said, "Come in." He went through a dim hall into a light shiny kitchen, where a small blonde woman was bending over to put something in the oven.

Mr. Sanderson noticed her hair first because it was so shining gold.

Then he transferred his attention to the rest of her and found she was wearing a boy's shirt and blue dungarees rolled up to the knees. Even so, Mr. Sanderson decided, she appeared to be a sort of vest-pocket Venus.

She turned round and dusted her hands as a delicious smell came from the oven. "Oh, I thought it was Mr. Small!"

A nice sweet voice and one very pleasant to hear about the house, Mr. Sanderson thought. Nice blue eyes, too, and a firm sensible mouth.

"Ah, yes," he told her. "Quite natural. As a matter of fact, Frederick Small works for me."

Mrs. McLane plumped herself down in a kitchen chair and her cheeks were the color of a wild rose. "I've often seen you in your garden, Mr. Sanderson, and now, of course, you would catch me when I'm baking a ham and chicken pie."

Mr. Sanderson sat down, too, and his mouth watered as he thought of the oven-bound pie and then of the cold sausage Frederick had undoubtedly left him for his dinner.

"A very good moment to catch you, my dear. I thought it was high time we met each other."

Deep dimples appeared at each corner of Mrs. McLane's mouth, indicating that she understood perfectly.

Mr. Sanderson was beginning to get quite hungry. "I take a great interest in Frederick, apart from his being my butler."

Mrs. McLane's dimples deepened. "He's very handsome, but I shouldn't think he'd be much of a butler."

Mr. Sanderson's thoughts continued to concentrate on the pie. "He isn't yet, though he's very willing. He's hardly the brilliant type."

Mrs. McLane hooked her heels into the chair rungs like a little girl.

"I'm glad he isn't. My late husband, Mr. McLane, was very brainy. He often said so. He was so bright at thinking up ways of getting money without working that we were always broke. I'm beginning to think that the less brains a husband has, the better."

She got up and opened the oven door, and though she was very graceful in the dungarees, they still didn't suit her a bit.

"I don't believe Freddie Small can cook, either," she said. "You must be about starved, Mr. Sanderson."

Mr. Sanderson could now see the pie plainly.

"I am."

"Then you'd better stay to dinner." Mr. Sanderson laid his cane on the floor. "I most certainly shall."

An hour later he was in a delightful state of content after doing full justice to the pie and steamed plum pudding.

But when he surveyed the lovely Mrs. McLane, he was unsatisfied.

"Would you mind, my dear, if I became very personal?"

"About what?" said Mrs. McLane with some caution.

"Your clothes. You don't do justice to yourself. What you need to set you off are some smart summer dresses—in pastel shades, I should say."

Mrs. McLane's chin went very stubborn. "I like pants."

Mr. Sanderson approved of her having a mind of her own. "Well, you should have some prettier ones, then."

Mrs. McLane put her hands firmly on her knees. "How?"

Mr. Sanderson took out his pocketbook.

"Good morning, sir. Your breakfast."

Mr. Sanderson sat up in bed and perceived that it must be chilly, for Frederick had a shirt over his shorts.

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**A**RRIVING home from school in the afternoon Dorsey found the telegram slipped under the front door and saw that it was addressed to her. She had never received a telegram before; she had always associated them vaguely in her mind with disasters of one kind or another, so she read it through hurriedly and with some misgiving.

It said: Your great-uncle Clement Dorsey gravely ill. He is asking to see you. Strongly urge you fly at once. Plane reservation for you at airport. Wire reply care of University. Signed, A. W. Austin.

Dorsey knew she should be sad at this news. But it was difficult to be sad, really sad, about a distant relative she remembered only as a misty presence from long ago, so she gave up trying and tried instead to think why the great Clement Dorsey should be asking to see her.

If she had read in the newspaper that Professor Dorsey in a grave illness had asked to see Albert Einstein or George Bernard Shaw, or even both at once, that would have seemed quite natural and proper. It was with such rare and profound minds that he had lived in this world and might presumably wish to leave it.

But it seemed very curious indeed that he should summon her, 14-year-old Dorsey Mitchell, even though she had topped her year and had been chosen, from all the juniors at school, to make a speech at the school breaking-up.

She entered their half of the double house, frowning thoughtfully, went directly to her bedroom, and started packing a bag. There was no question in her mind that she would go, and she knew that there would be none in her father's. She would be all ready by the time he got home from work.

As she packed hurriedly, Dorsey continued to puzzle over the curious summons. As a little girl she had actively disliked her celebrated rela-



## CAN YOU COFFEE-POT ON SKATES?

live on the uncomplicated grounds that she had been forced to carry around his surname, and "Dorsey" was, after all, an odd name for a girl.

But later on, one year when all the newspapers had told about Professor Dorsey winning the Nobel Prize for his monumental work on the history of philosophy, she had been proud of her name and she had been proud of it ever since.

People, especially schoolteachers, were inclined to treat her opinions with more respect when they learned that she was related to Clement Dorsey, as though through her distant relationship with the distinguished man she had acquired some small measure of his wisdom.

Dorsey heard the front door open, so she went into the living-room and showed the telegram to her father. Mr. Mitchell frowned.

"That's too bad," he said. "Of course you'll have to go, Dorsey. Do you think you'll be all right travelling alone?"

"Of course I will," she said. "Then what's the matter?" Mr. Mitchell knew his daughter's face extremely well.

"Oh, nothing," Dorsey said without much conviction.

"Yes there is. Why don't you tell me? Perhaps we can fix it up."

Dorsey understood the thing her father saw in her face, had known about it from the moment she opened the telegram, but she had tried to thrust it below the surface of her mind because, under the circumstances, it seemed a selfish thing. Now it came out.

"It's my speech at the breaking-up to-morrow night," she said. "I wouldn't be back in time."

Mr. Mitchell looked at his daughter gravely, wishing there was something he could do to help her. He knew how Dorsey had labored over her speech, erasing again and again, and looking up things in the encyclopedia, but, of course, no one could say whether or not she would be back in time for the breaking-up. He tried to make his voice sound reassuring.

"Oh, you'll do it easily," he said. "It's only about seven hours by plane. You'll be back before you know it. . . And, Dorsey," he added after a moment, "you probably can't remember, but the old man loved your mother very much, perhaps as much as he ever loved anyone. You might think of it as . . . well, as though you were doing something for her, if that would help."

**By LAWRENCE WILLIAMS**

There was only darkness around the rushing plane. After an hour Dorsey tired of looking out into it. She took her speech and a pencil out of her handbag and spread the dog-eared pages on her lap. She read slowly, frowning to herself and chewing the end of her pencil. The speech was titled simply, "The Highway," and in some very elegant prose it speculated on the destiny of youth in the years ahead.

Most of its sentiments had an almost terrifying earnestness, the weighty solemnity of adolescence on encountering for the first time some of the more obvious burdens mankind is destined to bear. Still, the address ended on a distinctly hopeful note.

"The shining sword of progress," it concluded, "passes on to youth. It will, as always, be taken up courageously in strong, young hands and held high in the great march forward down the highway, proud and unafraid!"

Dorsey scowled at this last. She was not entirely satisfied with it. There was something too military-sounding about shining swords and marching. She looked out the window for a time, frowning at the night. Presently her face brightened and she erased "shining sword" and wrote "flaming torch."

That was more like it. "The flaming torch of progress." She felt it had a nice, courageous sound without being too belligerent. Just the right note. She folded the pages carefully and put them back in her bag. It was a good feeling to have the speech finally finished to her satisfaction.

As soon as Dorsey disembarked at her destination early the next morning she was approached by a middle-aged man who looked somehow familiar. "Miss Mitchell," he said. It was a statement. "I'm Professor Austin from the university. You've been so very prompt I wanted to come myself to thank you personally."

"How do you do?" Dorsey said. She tried to smile politely, but it was difficult. She was not used to such formidable companions as professors—particularly those as renowned and eminent as Professor Austin.

Professor Austin led her quickly off the field to a chauffeur-driven car.

"I think it's only fair that you should know, Miss Mitchell," he said, as they drove along, "that your uncle—your great-uncle—is very ill indeed. The doctors feel . . . Well, he's an old man. His body isn't as strong as it was once."

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"Of course you'll have to go, Dorsey," Mr. Mitchell said, after reading the telegram.

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# A LOVE LIKE THAT

By David Garth

**J**ONATHAN BLAIR, carefree young director of the Blair Steamship Line, is jolted into furious action when heiress VALENTINE RANSOME, piqued by his irresponsible behaviour and his attentions to actress CAROL WALLACE, buys up control of the line.

Unknown to Valentine and BARD CALHOUN, her advertising executive, Jonathan joins the crew of the Blair liner Orinoco when they take a trip aboard her; then he features heroically in a rescue of passengers from the stricken liner, Dorinda.

Learning this at the end of the voyage, Valentine wants to congratulate Jonathan, but he disappears. It later transpires that he has gone to South America on a Blair freighter, and he returns to confront her with staggering news.

An old South American government claim for very heavy damages against the line has just been revised, he informs her sardonically. Now read on:

**N**EXT day was Sunday, and if ever there was a more unwelcome day of rest, as far as Valentine was concerned, it was that one. She tried to compose herself for twenty-four hours of inaction, but the general result was like caging a panther.

She was doing a very restless job of resting when Jonathan phoned her at her little apartment.

"About this business," he stated. "I've been thinking pretty hard about it and I believe I see our only chance. I'd like to discuss it with you."

Valentine would like nothing better. Jonathan Blair was standing by. She arranged to see him at the office that morning, and went there in a state of mounting excitement.

Jonathan came straight to the point after greeting her perfunctorily.

"I've been thinking about this jam we're in," he said. "We can't afford to fight this claim, and we can't afford to meet it either. That leaves just one way out as I see it—to settle, and settle as reasonably as possible. That would clear up the whole business and free us to fulfil our contracts. Sound reasonable?"

"Depends," said Valentine, "on the amount of settlement. But it's the right track I think."

He nodded.

"I've done some preliminary work on that very line," he was thoughtful a moment. Then he sat up straight in his chair and looked at her keenly. "Suppose I say I think I might settle this mess for ten cents on the dollar. What would you say?"

"Say?" she exclaimed. "Why, by all means. That would save us."

"Do I take that as authority to pledge the line to such a settlement?"

"Of course."

He went over to a desk and took out a paper.

"Sign this proxy then, and wish me luck."

Valentine took it from him and perused it carefully. She was giving him the voting power of her stock to effect a settlement of the claim and all obligations accruing thereto. Jonathan watched her in silence. He folded his arms and leaned against the edge of the desk.

She put it down and drummed thoughtfully on the arm of the chair with quick fingers.

"I don't care to do that," she said slowly. "I'll vote approval when you've got things lined up."

"Oh, you will!" said Jonathan Blair satirically. "Listen, I've told you that I'm going to try to put this across, but I'm going to do it my own way and I'm not going to run to teacher for instructions every five minutes. I'm going to feel free to

act when and where I please." He looked at her mockingly.

"What have you to worry about? I can't see how you figure to lose anything by it—except, perhaps," he added casually, "the satisfaction of approving my work with a wave of the sceptre and a gracious nod of the head."

Valentine flushed. He certainly made it seem as though she were carping on a small point considering the tremendous benefits derived.

She examined the proxy again. It was legal, and in order, and in addition it carried a rider to the effect that the Blair Lines should be obligated to a settlement of not more than fifty thousand dollars value for full release. It held good only for this one transaction.

"I don't see how you're going to do it," she commented.

"That's my chance," he said shortly.

She shrugged. "Well, you got us into this mess. If you can get us out—"

She brought it over to the desk and signed it. Jonathan put the paper in his pocket.

"And good luck," Valentine added. "Thanks." He nodded casually.

"Well, that's about all."

They went out together. Valentine half hoped that he might suggest lunch, but he said good-bye formally, got into his car, and drove away quickly.

He arranged another meeting for Tuesday morning, however, and again Valentine came to the office in a state of growing excitement.

Jonathan was there already. Nay, more, Jonathan was sitting behind the desk of the chairman of the board! She noticed that immediately.

He looked up and rose politely.

"Well, hello," he said affably. He took some papers clamped and bound together from a desk drawer and offered them to her. "There's that settled claim."

Her face was a study in bewilderment, anger giving way to surprise. He'd actually done it!

"Surprised?" said Jonathan. "Why, that claim was settled long ago." He nodded. "While I was in South America."

Valentine sat down slowly, her eyes never leaving his face.

"You see," he explained, "I found out about that claim just as I told you. Through old Captain Guthrie, I saw right away that we'd never be able to develop while it hung over us. So I figured it had better be washed up. I poked round, yes, but very delicately, and Captain Guthrie cautiously made inquiries about a possible settlement through some officials he knew."

"We worked on the Minister of Marine, and the American Ambassador smoothed the way. I," he added, "felt as though I was walking on eggs."

He paused and looked dreamily at the portrait of old Abijah Blair. Valentine waited impatiently for him to speak. He had certainly been on his toes, but—there must be something more.

"Well, the upshot was," he continued, "that I finally worked things round to the point where the government agreed to settle. After that, I palavered round to get a settlement fixed while the government thought we were in rocky financial straits instead of waiting until we were booming along. They were glad enough to wash it up and get rid of the whole thing."

"So we settled for a mere pittance—ten cents on the dollar in three deferred payments. I assumed responsibility for the payment of that claim. In other words I took it over." He looked at her then. "It wasn't until I was on my way back to the States that I realised what a trump card I held."

"Yes!" said Valentine breathlessly. She felt as though she was witness-

ing the unfolding of a military campaign.

"But you didn't have to get my proxy to be sure we'd take over your obligations, reimburse you!" she added.

"No," he agreed, "but you see I didn't vote to be reimbursed with money. I voted to be reimbursed with—stock!"

"With stock!" Valentine gasped. A cold little feeling chased up and down her spine.

"With stock," repeated Jonathan. "Stock, Miss Ransome. I called a regular stockholders' meeting yesterday and voted that I should be paid off with stock. You voted that, Miss Ransome," he grinned, "through the proxy I held, of course."

**S**TILL smiling,

Jonathan sat back comfortably in his chair, and waited for the storm to break. Valentine, he knew, must feel ridiculous. But whatever she felt the girl betrayed herself not in the slightest.

"You're back in control then?" she said calmly.

He nodded. "I am, Miss Ransome. Of course you can cause a lot of trouble and try to refuse to sign transfer of the margin of control, but you'll find that a court will direct you to."

She knew when she was beaten. He'd manoeuvred her out of position and struck like a flash. She'd been outwitted by a young man who had acted with click brain and poker face.

"I'm not going to cause any trouble," she said quietly. "You win."

He was startled. She was so composed about the whole thing. He felt slightly uncomfortable. There had been a lot of things he had rehearsed to say to this girl. While he

was scrubbing decks on the Orinoco he had composed distiches for such an occasion as this.

But there was no sense delivering distiches to a girl who accepted a situation with a wave of her hand.

"I'm sorry that it had to be like this," he said abruptly. "But it wasn't a situation where I could regain control by buying stock. These are the Blair Lines—and I'm a Blair. I was brought up to run them and I'm going to." He paused.

Valentine smiled. She rose and put out her hand.

"They're safe with you. Congratulations, Jonathan."

He took her hand almost mechanically. She walked round behind the desk.

"Move in any time," she said breezily. "The only thing I have here that you can't use is a spare compact."

She took it out of a drawer and put it in her purse.

"Time for me to go, I guess."

She looked at the tall young man who had such an attractive grin on occasion and could write a book about spills and had swung on to a moving train from the back of a horse. One of those amiable men with a thread of steel down in his nature—conquerors were made from that combination.

"Well," she said again, "I'll be running along. Invite me to a directors' meeting some time."

She turned to go, quickly.

"Wait a minute." He advanced toward her. "I just want you to know that I appreciate what you've done round here. I—I really do. I've found out some things since I've been back. When I stepped out they were on the brink of bankruptcy. I step back in to find that they've had a rebirth, they're a paying proposition." He spoke very sincerely.



"I know how you feel," Valentine said softly, looking down at the dog.

"You've given them life. I can't figure out yet how you did it, but you did. I'm eternally grateful and I'll carry 'em along. Don't worry about that."

Worry about that? Valentine heard him with the thought dancing through her mind that he was back on his feet, aroused. The loss of the Blair Lines? To her that was secondary. It had always been secondary, from the very start. She hadn't lost, not when that man snapped to the way he had.

"I," said Jonathan awkwardly, "was wrong about you."

Her breath caught swiftly. "You—were?"

"Yes," he told her. "You're a very good business woman."

She writhed inwardly. Business woman! She suddenly disliked the term intensely. Why, he'd have maintained the same attitude toward somebody stolid and sexless.

"Oh," she said vaguely. "Thank you so much."

"Any plans you might make," he said tentatively. "I'll be glad to co-operate with. If you should decide to liquidate your holdings I'll try to arrange it for you."

That's the end of it, Valentine. Close the door on your way out. And he was trying to be nice to her.

"Thank you," she said with some difficulty. "That will be nice. Well, all luck."

"Good-bye, Miss Ransome." He smiled. "We've both had a crack at losing and you were a lot better at it than I was."

"Lose?" murmured Valentine. "That's what you think. It was fun. Good-bye."

He looked after her, somewhat puzzled, as she left the office with that long easy stride that was a gift to her from that country of open range and western wind. She certainly went out with all flags flying.

He stood behind the desk of the chairman of the board in direct line with the frosty eyes of old Abijah Blair.

"Young man," old Abijah breathed, "you'd better be good."

Abijah, you can bet your boots, he will!

Please turn to page 30

*Picture his  
pleasure!*

ON FATHER'S DAY

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# MATCH FOR A GOOD LAWYER

I WAS feeling rather gay and giddy as I walked into the law offices where I work — Gardiner, Akin, Brewer, and Hollowell — an entirely unsuitable attitude for a firm that is renowned for conventional formality.

Mr. Gardiner is my boss, Tuckerman Gardiner, senior. I've been with him for thirty years and I suppose I admire him more than any man I've ever known. A lot of people think he's pretty straitlaced and I'll admit he has a forbidding manner. He frightens even me sometimes.

That morning instead of opening the mail I was looking out the window and wondering whether he thought of me as "Miss Boyd" or "Lizzie," when he came in and I jumped guiltily.

He was ten minutes early — this was an unusual day. He always walks in while the clock is striking. Office rumor has it that his son, Tuckerman Gardiner, junior, is like the old man only worse — he walks in on the middle stroke of nine.

"Good morning," Mr. Gardiner said, bringing everything right back to normal with that formal greeting of his. He sat down at his desk, picked up his mail, frowned because the letters hadn't been opened for him and put them down.

"What are you looking at out the window?" he asked a little testily.

"Just staring into space," I answered. Then I told him. "To-day's my fiftieth birthday and I'm wondering if I'm in a rut."

"Good Lord!" He swivelled his chair round and looked at me, which is something he hardly ever does. Really look at me, I mean. His eyes are blue, a rather cold grey-blue, I suppose, but when he laughs they look entirely different, although that's something else he hardly ever does.

"Yes," I said, "I started worrying about it this morning and instead of poaching an egg for breakfast I went out to a restaurant and had waffles with ice-cream."

Then he laughed and I felt happy. "Don't worry," I told him. "I'm not leaving or anything."

"I'm glad of that," He looked down at the desk. I knew he felt some sort of speech was called for and how difficult it was for him to make it. "Miss Boyd —" he began.

"Oh, never mind, Mr. Gardiner," I said. "I know you like having me here. I like being here. It has been a long time, hasn't it?"

"I consider myself very fortunate," he said rather pompously. And then, "Do you wish to have the day off?"

"No," I said, "I don't."

I wouldn't know what to do with a day off. I'd be wondering how everything was going at the office, and if people were irritating Mr. Gardiner, and if he remembered to take his pill after lunch.

"I'll be glad to have you here to-day," he said. "There's a new girl coming in. A new secretary for Tuck."

"What, another one?" I asked. Tuck has been with us just two months, and this was his fourth secretary.

"He never could seem to find that last girl when he needed her," mumbled Mr. Gardiner.

"She was playing hard to get, I suppose," I offered. "Look here, Mr. Gardiner. Tuck's so young and handsome he's rather a hazard. Perhaps if you found a secretary of a less impressionable age —"

"I've tried," he said. "There simply aren't any. This one is a Miss Davis, just out of business school, but Miss Tuttle recommends her highly. I expect she's here by now. Do you think you could —"

"Don't you worry," I said. "I'll take care of her."

I found Miss Davis in no time. She was like a flaming hibiscus against the sombre mahogany back-

ground of Gardiner, Akin, Brewer, and Hollowell. She wasn't wearing a hat, and her hair hung in a long bob. Her very cherry-red mouth was laughing as she chatted with Miss Kelsey, the switchboard girl. When I came up she gave me a friendly smile.

"My name is Mollie Davis," she said, and put out her hand. She had a nice voice, and there was something about her — eager, friendly, laughing — that made me suddenly think of myself when I came here thirty years ago. Or perhaps it was just because it was my fiftieth birthday that I was reminiscing.

"Come along," I said. "I'll show you where to put your things. Then we'll go and meet young Mr. Gardiner."

"Peg says he's cute," said Miss Davis as we went down the hall. When I had managed to identify "Peg" as Miss Kelsey, the switchboard girl, and survived the shudder engendered by the word "cute," I turned to her severely. "He's very brilliant. He graduated second in his year."

"Really?" said Mollie Davis. "Who was first?"

I sighed as I thought of all she had to learn about the world of law — and lawyers. "Are you sure you can take dictation?" I asked her. "Did they teach you legal terms?"

"Oh yes," she said. "I'm a whizz at shorthand."

As we came in, Tuck glanced at his watch. I suppose it was the day playing tricks on me again, but it seemed as if I were little Lizzie Boyd, coming in that first morning to meet Mr. Tuckerman Gardiner, senior.

They had the same blue eyes — Mr. Gardiner's hair has been grey for so long I'd almost forgotten it was blond once — the same lean jaw and stubborn mouth. Only I'd been so frightened that day I'd hardly dared raise my eyes.

For a good two years I'd never said anything but "Good morning, sir," and "Yes, sir." We'd never talked at all until after his wife died and he used to look so tired and unhappy. Perhaps if I hadn't been so shy myself, if I'd been more like this girl, things might have been different.

Fool, I told myself severely, and introduced them.

"How do you do?" Mollie Davis said, as if it were a tea party.

Tuck gave her a level look that made no acknowledgment of her smile, her dark hair, or her friendly greeting. He said crisply, "Good morning. When you're ready, I have some letters I wish to get off."

"Why, of course," she said, startled.

"I'll finish showing her around," I told him. It was hard for me to get used to Tuck being grown up. I was the one who had given Mr. Gardiner the news to go to the hospital when Tuck was born (and ran after him with his hat, the only time in his life he'd ever forgotten it).

"Don't let him frighten you," I murmured to Mollie Davis when we got out in the hall. "The whole family's like that. It doesn't mean a thing."

"Oh," she said.

"I'll call in for you at twelve and take you to lunch," I told her. "That'll be fun!" she said and went into Tuck's office, saying brightly, "Here I am!" I shuddered. Somehow I didn't want her to suffer the fate of the others.

When I told Clara Tillinghast, Mr. Hollowell's secretary, that we were taking the new girl to lunch with us, her eyebrows lifted. Clara and I are the old guard and exclusive, but I was feeling that lunch every day with Clara was part of my rut. I was really delighted when Mollie Davis came breezing up with Miss



"I'm not frightened now you're here," Mollie said as Tuck turned fiercely to the laughing policeman.

Kelsey, the switchboard girl, in tow. "Peg is eating with us, too," she announced. The Tillinghast eyebrows rose again and Clara stalked off down the hall. For a moment I was afraid she was going to snub us entirely, but she managed to get herself together to the point of frigid politeness.

The moment we had ordered lunch, Peg turned to Mollie. "Didn't I tell you Tuck was cute?" she demanded.

"He certainly is," said Mollie. Clara had never in her life referred to Tuck as anything but "young Mr. Gardiner." I thought she turned a little pale.

"Of course not," said Peg. "But I have to check in once in a while to see if the line's still engaged."

Clara turned pink, and I thought she was going to leave, but she managed to hang on a little longer.

"His last three secretaries," Peg went on to Mollie, "were all in love with him. The first one couldn't spell. But the other two!" She rolled her eyes.

"Is that why they were fired?" Mollie asked with interest.

Clara looked at her severely. "Let this be a lesson to you to keep your mind on your work."

Mollie smiled sweetly. "Can I help it," she said, "if he makes my head swim?"

"Lizzie," said Clara. "I've finished. Shall we go? These girls probably want to stay and smoke cigarettes."

"All right," I said meekly. As we left I heard Peg going on: "So I think that's the end of the brunette, but he's taking the blonde, Cynthia Featherstone, to some big

dance in two weeks. This should be a crucial moment."

During the next week I got to like more and more having Mollie Davis around the office. Her sweet smile, her gay clothes, her appreciation and enthusiasm were very refreshing. And she really was, it turned out, a "whizz" at shorthand, as well as the fastest typist we'd ever had. She could keep up with Tuck even in his most intensive spells of work.

So it was a great shock to me when Mr. Gardiner said one day, "Miss Boyd, Tuck wants another secretary. Do you happen to know anyone?"

"What's the matter with Miss Davis?" I snapped, surprised to find myself so defensive.

Mr. Gardiner looked troubled. "I don't know," he said slowly. "Tuck says she just doesn't suit him."

"Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Gardiner," I asked tartly, "that something may be wrong with Tuck and not the secretaries?"

I was frightened when I'd said it, but he just leaned back and lighted a pipe. I didn't say a word about his smoking before lunch.

"I've been thinking about that," he said. Suddenly he looked quite old, tired.

"Tuck is twenty-eight," he went on, "and he hasn't yet found a girl to suit him as a wife. There was a very nice girl recently. I think she was in love with him. But as far as I can make out, he broke off with her because she was late for appointments."

Please turn to page 34

By LORNA SLOCOMBE



## Something new . . .

● Pearls, pearls, and more pearls are being worn, and in every new imaginable way. In the illustration below three long strands are worn over the shoulder and knotted on one hip to look like an order ribbon.



● A new hat-line, elliptical, is very wide at the sides. Illustrated above is Maud of Nano's version of the harlequin hat in green felt trimmed with darker green grosgrain.



● The new ankle-length dress for dancing is taking on in America. Above is Hattie Carnegie's interpretation in black lace over pink satin. It has a swathed neckline, and ties with ribbon at the waist.



● The new ear-muff coiffure is done on the left with the hair perfectly flat on top, and swathed smoothly across the back, then swirled into two flat spirals on either side covering both ears.

● A classic, lovely hair silhouette is shown on the left. It is smoothed right back from the face and caught up at the back in a large Grecian knot. Gone is hair piled high on the front of the head. All new hair styles go back smoothly from the brow.



● A pearl necklace of many strands tied with two satin ribbons at the throat is shown on the right, and above the same strands are worn as a bib on a very plain dark dress.



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**GAS**

THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

## Headlines from Paris



● Heavy silk embroidery is smart decoration used by Paulette on a fez made of apple-green crepe with silk tassel.

● Gibson Girl hats came in again in Paris this year and the style is carried out by Maud Poirer in grey straw with cigar-brown veiling tying under chin.



● Rose Valois takes a yard or so of white embroidered organdie and two big flowers and the result is this off-the-face model.



● Pink and white carnations are luscious on this navy-blue straw model by Agnes.



Soft grey felt is doubled over to make an unusual brim this Gilbert Orcel model.



● Sky-blue and white spotted linen is used for Janette Colomblat's youthful hat.

★ Hats worn in The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades, held at Mark Foy's in Sydney and at Myers in Melbourne and Adelaide, were chosen from the collections of leading Parisian milliners. They varied from wisps of crinoline straw and veiling to huge cartwheels. The hats on this page were among those selected, and show various new styles such as the Gibson Girl hats made of fabric, use of embroidery as decoration, and high quills on hats to wear with tailleurs.

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**AMERICAN DANCER** Johnny Mack and singer wife Roberta demonstrate habits married entertainers quarrel over. Last-minute packing is one.

★ Johnny and Roberta Mack, dancer and singer now appearing in Australia, regard their marriage as more important than their careers. Robby abandoned a promising future in musical shows to team with Johnny so that they would not be separated. Johnny is a protege of Eleanor Powell, and finished a role in the film "Night and Day" before coming to Australia for the Tivoli Circuit.

When they married each agreed to avoid dressing-room and back-stage habits which they had seen other married entertainers quarrel over. Each has kept to that agreement.

Most of these rules could be happily applied to non-stage couples too.

## They made a pact not to quarrel



**CAREFUL RENEWAL** of make-up by wife, when husband is tired after matinee and night shows, can cause frequent dressing-room quarrels.



**LOUNGING** by husband in a suit which must be spruce for stage is a major offence, because wife usually has to press it.



**SMOKING** in small dressing-room can result in sharp words. Macks smoke only when sharing large room.



**BETTING** on a "sure thing" when pennies are scarce and bills have to be met, earns the usual wifely derision. Theatrical life is expensive, calls for careful budgeting.



**JEALOUSY** is prime reason for many quarrels between married entertainers. Macks keep rule of not allowing themselves to interpret casual conversations as flirtations.

## The Lighter Side

I ANNOUNCE with regret that a new form of crime, American in origin, has invaded these shores. It is known as "lamp-snatching." The crime is practised by skinflints who snatch a lamp from one socket and place it in another because they're too mean to keep a couple of spare Mazdas in the house; also by queer folk whose sense of economy has gone so astray that they remove a lamp altogether or "ring-in" one of lower wattage.



A cure for the husband who shows lamp-snatching tendencies is to have the local carpenter build a set of portable stocks. Better still, just lead your husband gently down to the nearest electrical shop and point out the craziness of lamp-snatching when Mazda Lamps cost as little as eighteen pence each.



Above is my unspeakable nephew, Edgar. Writing to me on the subject of lamp-snatching, Edgar says "Lamp-snatching to me is a serious matter. When I think of thousands of kids doing homework in poor light—with far too many kids wearing glasses already—I wonder if right size Mazdas aren't just as important as right size shoes."

We now come to my venerable Uncle Ebenezer.



Here you see my Uncle getting all set to read a book. His 100-watt Mazda means so much to him and his eye-comfort that any lamp-snatcher will get a two-barrel reception. If you have a lamp-snatcher in YOUR house, you'll be wise either to emulate Uncle Eb or, perhaps MORE wisely, to lay in two or three spare Mazda Lamps without further ado.

In that way you will enable your home, eyes, your disposition and outlook to do as Mazda Lamps themselves do, i.e., "stay brighter longer."

**Lennie Lumens**

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Ltd.  
Distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., England.

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## UNDIES and KNITWEAR

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M. Pherson

# Workers may share Sunninghill with Royalty

## King's gesture provides houses for twelve homeless couples

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

When Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten are married they will probably share the rural charm of the King's estate at Sunninghill Park, Windsor Forest, with working-class newlyweds and bombed-out families.

Service huts which remained after American and R.A.F. occupation are being demolished, but the King has asked that 12 of the largest should be left and converted into homes.

THESE homes will be given to people high on the Windsor Council's priority list for housing.

Workmen are busily pulling down and removing buildings erected during the war, and preparing the grounds for the possible occupation of the house by Princess Elizabeth and her husband.

It is believed that the King will present them with Sunninghill when they marry and that Elizabeth and Philip will finally elect to settle there.

Elizabeth and Philip have already looked over this sumptuous residence, which is at Ascot, not far from Windsor Castle.

It belonged to the wealthy stockbroker Philip Hill, who died recently, and it was then purchased by the King.

### Want own home

DURING the war Sunninghill was requisitioned—first by the Americans, then by the R.A.F. The roof was destroyed by fire before the Americans moved in. Repairs to the roof and redecorating after the long period of requisition are estimated at £25,000.

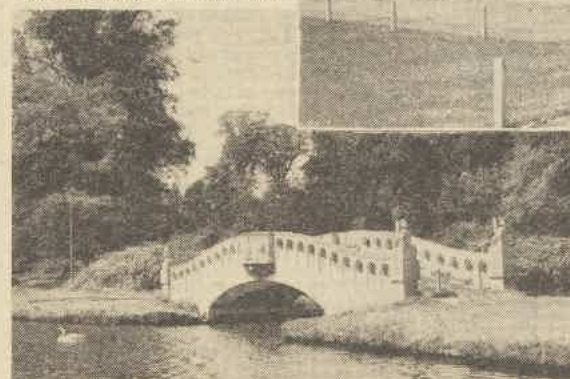
So anxious are Elizabeth and Philip to have a place of their own that they expect to be house-hunting right up to the time of their marriage.

They will probably have a wing at Buckingham Palace, but they both feel they must have a place of their own, where they may entertain their young friends, and where they can have the fun of starting house-keeping right away.

Two other country homes they

have looked at are Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, empty since the death of Viscount Fitzalan in May, and Royal Lodge, Windsor, private house in Windsor Great Park belonging to the King.

But Sunninghill Park is, to date,



AN ATTRACTIVE CORNER of the grounds of Sunninghill Park, 68-acre estate adjoining Ascot Racecourse and Windsor Great Park.

the most likely of the country residences, and the one that finds most favor with Princess Elizabeth.

White is (or was before successive Services occupied the premises) the basis of the interior color scheme, which Princess Elizabeth is expected to restore.

Fireplaces are modernised in this Georgian house, windows tall, and the ground-floor windows open on to the wide, sweeping lawns.

Just as the Queen has tutored Princess Elizabeth in poise and

charm, she has also imparted to her daughter all the good housewifeliness that the Countess of Strathmore, in true Scottish tradition, passed on to her own daughters, including the lovely Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

So that from childhood Princess Elizabeth has known a great deal about running a home—even a home as large as Buckingham Palace.

Being chatelaine of Sunninghill Park at twenty-one is not a formidable task for her. Her training has taught her all that it is necessary to know in good hostessing and entertaining.

Most young brides, even though they have had no formal domestic training, have at some time or another helped their mothers about the house.

This applies to Princess Elizabeth, who has assisted her parents, the King and Queen, to entertain every important person to visit England.

### Nursery training

LIKE most young girls, Elizabeth's domestic training started in the nursery. A tiny Belling electric stove was fitted there to keep the young Princess' milk warm in the mornings. It was not long before Princess Elizabeth was heating milk for herself, making cocoa, and later on cups of tea.

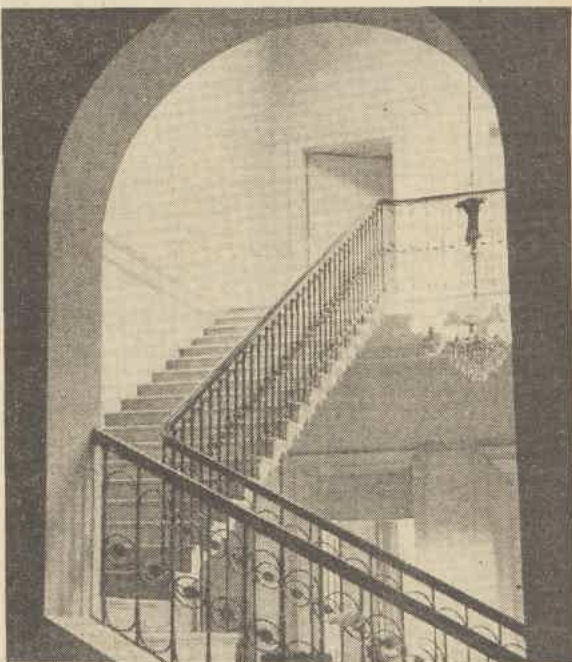
From this she graduated to making toffee on the tiny stove, under the guidance of her old nurse, "Arla" (the late "Mrs. Knight").

Later on she turned out her first batch of scones from a recipe used by her grandmother, the late Countess of Strathmore.

But it was in the kitchens of Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and Balmoral that Princess Elizabeth learned the real art of cookery from the Palace chef, M. Roussin.

She learned from the Queen how to choose a meal. Buckingham Palace is on the same ration scale as other British homes, and Princess Elizabeth, with the Queen, has been often hard pressed to vary the menu.

THIS BEAUTIFUL HOME, Sunninghill Park, may become a Royal residence when Princess Elizabeth and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten are married. It is owned by the King, and may be his wedding gift.



THE WROUGHT-IRON banisters of the white marble staircase are among the interior features of the house at Sunninghill Park. Earlier occupied by Americans, it is to be redecorated in its original color scheme of white, known to be favored by the Princess.

Much of the furniture Elizabeth and Philip will assemble in their new home will come from Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House.

None of the furniture will be new and none of the furnishings.

Like every other young couple, they will receive a grant of furniture docket, but these are very few, and will be used for only the most necessary pieces of linen and curtaining.

The neat utility furniture they will probably buy on their docket will furnish the servants' quarters.

Though it has been a tradition throughout the centuries that Royal ladies shall sleep in silk sheets, and one firm in London has always provided these at fifty to eighty guineas a pair, Princess Elizabeth will have nothing so extravagant in her trousseau.

It will be small, and of fine linen, with utility items supplementing it. Queen Mary is giving the Princess a good deal of her own linen, and the

Princess Royal has already sent several pieces of table linen.

While the overall color scheme will be an off-white, Princess Elizabeth likes blues and lots of gay yellows and greens.

Philip, her sailor husband, will have the pleasure and the privilege of furnishing Princess Elizabeth's first home with her, and they are fortunate in having much the same tastes and sharing a love of beautiful things.

In assembling her furniture she will cleverly blend antique and modern, and will probably be guided in her task of setting up house by Cecil Beaton, photographer and stage decorator, who is a friend, and whose work she is known to admire.

The Princess places great reliance on his judgment.

For advice on tapestries, pictures, old furniture, and silver she will have the opinion of Queen Mary, who is an authority on antiques.



AN INFORMAL snapshot of Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, who are making plans for their marriage on November 30. They will then be known as the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

## UNO IS ON TRIAL

THE effect of UNO intervention in the war in Indonesia is being anxiously watched by all who believe that lasting peace can be obtained only by international co-operation through some such agency as the United Nations Organisation.

Nearly thirty years ago an earlier war-weary generation pinned similar hopes on the League of Nations.

*Everybody then was convinced that arbitration, not shooting, was the sane and civilised way for nations to settle their differences.*

The League that was to be their court of justice was elaborately housed at Geneva. Distinguished men and women of all nations shared in the deliberations, and much fine work was done in many fields.

But to the dismay of all, when the League was faced with the job for which it was created—the prevention of war—it failed completely.

Japan overran Manchuria, Italy took Abyssinia.

*And so, long before World War II loomed, the League had become for most people the mere symbol of an idealistic dream, and was regarded as about as effective in stopping bullets as a sheet of paper.*

With the record of that failure so clearly before them, the present generation declines to be wildly optimistic about UNO.

As wars go, the affair in Indonesia is small. Its special importance (apart from humane and ethical considerations) is that it will test the strength of the new peace-making organisation.

Perhaps it is well that the present struggle is, as yet, small and localised.

The Indonesian case will show whether UNO is worth having in its present form or what revision or strengthening it needs.

*It would be sad indeed if the world is to build in New York a twin palace to the one in Geneva now peopled with the ghosts of former hopes and aspirations.*



SPROD looks at life: Monday morning.

## It seems to me...

A FRIEND of mine has been robbed of her favorite pastime—which she used to call going round the shops and sneering.

This was a great comfort to her in wartime and for a year or so after the war. She explains that though the prices were hideous, so were the goods, and she was always able to comfort herself by looking at expensive garments and thinking she wouldn't want them at half the price.

Alas, the prices are still high, but the goods are getting very desirable indeed. This month, when the display of new materials coincided with the false spring that breathed over Sydney, there was no longer any opportunity for sneering.

The dress materials departments in the lunch-hour were like aviaries with women twittering over silks and cottons the like of which haven't been seen for years.

Altogether, those "Save for Security" ads are up against tough opposition.

AN appropriate juxtaposition of news and advertisement in a daily paper:

The small news item stated that radio experts from 15 nations had decided that a United Nations world radio network was impracticable.

The advertisement beneath asked in large letters, "Nervy?", and advised the reader to chew someone's tablets.

RADIO crosswords have been introduced by the B.B.C. The blocked-in blanks are provided in "Radio Times," and the clues are first announced and then acted by the B.B.C. Drama Repertory Company.

This emphasises a point I have long felt about radio—that to the joy of the manufacturers, the time is coming when every member of a family will need his or her own set.

It is difficult enough for more than two people to agree on the music or the play they want to hear; yet the same people will sit passively in various degrees of discomfort or enjoyment in a theatre.

The reason for their patience when not enjoying a theatrical show is largely that, having paid for the seats, they keep hoping to get their money's worth.

No such consideration pacifies them in their home armchairs, and "Turn off that thing" is a cry that has touched off many a family explosion.

Even stronger differences are likely to develop about the crossword session.

Besides, crosswords are essentially a private, peaceful amusement. The addict may ask help occasionally, but doesn't welcome too much interference. And some nasty situations will develop when the kids shout the answers before father has seen the light.

AN Auckland police magistrate suggested recently that short-term gaol sentences should be replaced by a number of week-ends in prison. He said this would be less disruptive to the home.

While even week-ends in gaol would be hardly conducive to harmony in the home, some people might like it. For instance—

*A reprobate said with a wink  
I'm exceedingly fond of the drink.  
Why rent a week-ender?  
Just go on a bender—  
You can't take the lawn-mower to clinic.*

BY



Dorothy Drain

LITTLE more than a bleat was raised by the announcement of the increase in New South Wales parliamentary salaries, since most angry citizens were out of breath from the howl they raised at the Federal Parliament increase.

All the pros and cons were rather lengthily argued out then.

I don't doubt that a politician who does his job well is worth a good salary. But I notice that in N.S.W. the members raised the same point as Federal members raised—that they really couldn't live comfortably on the salaries they had.

Who can? Darned few people.

It may be ideal for each man to be paid according to his needs, but it's so far from the likelihood in the present state of society that lower salaries regard the argument rather sourly.

What sort of a reception would you get from an employer if you put forward as your case for a rise that you couldn't live on your present wage in the style you liked?

I OFTEN think that the monotonous, unpleasant jobs should be the best paid—though I don't pretend to suggest how to work this out as an economic proposition.

The idea often occurred to me in wartime, when manpower was so urgently endeavoring to get more women for essential jobs. By and large, the most essential jobs were poorly paid in comparison with more attractive work.

Now there's a drive to get more women back into industry.

The Industrial Relations Conference in Canberra announced that the shortage of labor was holding up production (not exactly a new thought), and, subsequently, an officer of the Secondary Industries Division of the Postwar Reconstruction Department outlined a programme to increase the supply of female labor.

They will be up against the same problem as in wartime—greater now there's not the patriotic urge to do a necessary if unattractive job.

One of the plans is for part-time work for older women. That's a sound idea theoretically, not necessarily for older women, but for married women, who must do two jobs.

But I notice there's no mention of rectifying that old grievance—unequal pay.

With the cost of living as it is at present a married woman needs a fair-sized pay envelope to lure her out of the home; and in most industries she gets a good deal less than the male rate.

THE most disturbing aspect of the Palestine troubles is the outbreak of anti-Jewish rioting in Britain.

Scotland Yard gave as its cause the wave of shock after the hanging of the two young British soldiers by Jewish terrorists.

But it is just as shocking to read that in Liverpool and Manchester peaceable Jews were attacked by mobs.

The fact that there was looting of shops, many owned by non-Jews as well as Jews, proves that righteous anger has little part in such demonstrations.

Instead, it is the cowardly, the sadistic, the morose, who rush to make hysterical attacks on innocent individuals.

In this the riots have followed a common enough pattern. The sad thing is that they should take place in traditionally tolerant Britain.

## Interesting People



MR. JOHN A. MARSHALL

leading expedition

AUSTRALIAN John Marshall, blond, blue-eyed, taciturn, is leader of British scientific research expedition to Arctic, sponsored by Oxford University Exploration Club and Royal Geographic Society. It is first expedition of its kind since the war. A graduate of Sydney University, John Marshall served with Australian Army in Far East during war. Is efficient organiser and an expert skier.



DEACONESS MARY ANDREWS

gone back to China

HIGHLIGHT of six years in China for Deaconess Mary Andrews, a Church Mission Society missionary, was nursing Capt. Lawson, author of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," back to life after his plane crashed. Energetic and jovial, she has returned to China to position at the King's Memorial School in Shao-shing, and is overjoyed to be taking up her work in China again. Says: "Missionary work is heart-rendering, thrilling, and dangerous."



MR. ARCHIBALD GILCHRIST

visual education

TELLING America about Australia has been job of Melbourne-born Archibald Gilchrist for six years. In that time he has given 752 lectures to 400,000 people on variety of Australian topics. A former Member of Parliament in Western Australia, he decided on outbreak of war that lecturing in America would be useful war effort. Now he is home again planning to do visual education work here by showing films on agriculture, history, and industrial development.



I can't understand women.



Mum says to treat 'em gently.



Dad recommends the he-man approach.



I give up.

## Sculptor learned about life in hard school

As rehab. student he has big chance to do the work he's dreamed about for years

By staff reporter AINSLIE BAKER

Of necessity Tom Bass, 31-year-old full-time Rehabilitation sculpture student at Sydney Technical College, learned about life before he learned about art.

Now he is doing the job his hands have always itched to do.

**T**OM has been milker, farm hand, shearing-shed rouseabout, ticket-writer, factory hand, and art school model.

He has been on the wallaby and jumped the rattle.

As an ex-serviceman he is getting his chance under the Commonwealth Rehabilitation Training Scheme at the Art Section at East Sydney Technical College.

Head teacher of sculpture and modelling at the College, Mr. Lyndon Dadswell, says that he expects Tom to develop into a fine artist.

"Tom Bass," he says, "has early developed an awareness of three dimensions—something that most people never acquire—and that, plus a really intense desire to produce the solid, added to the ability to eat, sleep, and, in fact, live sculpture over a number of years, has brought to him a fine understanding of the handling of materials."

### No regrets

**H**E isn't a young student. He is a mature man who is finding out how to do the thing the sheer need to exist has never let him do before.

"All the same," he says, speaking of the bad times, "I wouldn't have had it any other way. If I had been a rich man's son, it would have all been too easy."

"I am not one of those who believe that a man can shut himself up in a studio and produce living art," he says. "I believe in life first, and art second."

There is nothing of the pale aesthetic artist about Tom Bass.

His bushy beard is the only thing wilfully picturesque about him.

"Once when everything looked hopeless," he told me, "I used to indulge in a mad escapist dream in which a rich and benevolent man gave me money to live and study."

"Now I've found him. It's the Rehabilitation Scheme."

Tom's first critic—a kindly one—was a negro doctor at Gundagai, N.S.W. where the family lived for a while.

He found a drawing of a kangaroo done by Tom on wrapping paper and told the lad's mother to keep all his drawings.

Later when the family moved to Dulwich Hill, near Sydney, Tom used to go to the National Gallery on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

He walked to save the tram fares.

He was always in a daze when he came out. Once he walked in front of a speeding car and only just escaped injury.

When he was 16 he made his first statue . . . and first felt a piece of stone taking shape under his hand.

The stone came from a nearby rubbish heap. His tools were old files and a rusty hacksaw blade.

"To-day I would call what I made a primitive grotesque," he said.

Then came the depression and the immediate problem was living.

Other things to which you are peculiarly vulnerable at 17 piled up and hit Tom too.

Dispirited and broken in health he took to the road.

For two years he worked as a rouseabout in shearing sheds, on farms, was taught to jump the rattle by bagmen more experienced than himself. All the time he carried a sketchbook.

"Jumping the rattle is one of the fine arts," he told me. "It's a must when you want to travel."

"I took on all sorts of shearing-shed jobs. I never wanted to see another sheep in my life."

"Yet the first thing I tackled here was . . . you've guessed? A sheep!"

He can look back on the bad years now. He is married and lives at

Minto, beyond the Sydney suburbs, and his home is a picturesque old weatherboard cottage.

His wife Lenore is an artist, and they have a small son and daughter.

The years of sleeping under the stars and walking from town to town were not altogether lost. When Tom wasn't working he was sketching, observing the form of things.

On his return to Sydney he looked for a job which would give him enough to live on and pay tuition fees in painting.

He became a model for art classes, and with the money he made posing for Dattilo Rubbo's classes he paid his fees as Rubbo's pupil.

He did nothing but paint for three years.

Tom says he knows now that those paintings were essentially the paintings of a sculptor.

The emphasis was always on solid form.

While he was in the Army Tom's ambition to be a sculptor crystallised.

He realised finally then that he had to make something of his hands. When he became a student of sculpture the impact was terrific. There was new knowledge all the time.

"Scholarships are only for unmarried students. After I've finished my rehabilitation course here, I'll have to do some sort of work at home that will bring in money," he said.

"Stone is my real medium, but I intend to live by making limited editions of small figurines of local terracotta for either garden or house decorations."

"Unless," he added, "the rich, benevolent man really materialises and subsidises me so that I can go on with creative sculpture."



TOM BASS with one of his figures which he calls "Man," symbolic of the fact that "man is groping blindly"



UNLIKE MOST sculptors Tom Bass always draws standing up, and makes all his drawings in blue writing ink. He usually finishes a drawing in half an hour, using turkey quills picked up on a farm next to his home at Minto.



PART-FINISHED, this engaging horse is of freestone. Stone once formed part of the wall of the old gaol which now houses Sydney Technical College.



# TRUTH or Consequences

In the great old party game, you told the truth to embarrassing questions—or you could take the consequences. Here's a variation. There's a list of questions below to ask yourself... but whether you tell the truth or not, you'll be taking the consequences—sooner or later.

## Tell the Truth to these Questions

1. Do you ever buy goods at more than fixed prices?

2. When did you last buy a luxury item you didn't need?

3. Have you drawn money out of the Savings Bank lately?

4. Do you gamble—at cards, horses, poker machines, etc.?

5. Do you know the fixed legal prices for the everyday commodities you buy?

6. Do you spend carelessly without realising that better values will be available in the future?

7. Have you bought Bonds or Savings Certificates in the last three months?

## Here are the Consequences

1. Buying goods on the blackmarket wastes money that should be saved for the future. As a result, you'll be sorry later on.

2. You're putting your future in pawn for little benefit now.

3. If you have done this without urgent reasons, the consequences are serious. You won't have the money later when real values will be available.

4. You'll be broke when other people are enjoying themselves.

5. If you don't, you're an easy mark for blackmarketeers and dishonest shopkeepers. Your income won't go so far. You'll be wasting money.

6. If you do, take heed. You're storing up a heap of trouble for yourself later on. Control your spending now, and put your savings into Bonds and Savings Certificates.

7. You're not making the most of your savings if you haven't bought either Bonds or Savings Certificates, which pay better than bank interest with unmatched security and negotiability.

If you want financial security, here's the best way to get it...

Nothing is more certain than that the way you spend your money to-day will have a controlling influence on your future prosperity.

Money carelessly spent at to-day's high prices, dissipated on paying blackmarket prices, or on extra charges for scarce goods or "no-coupons" transactions... this money, which could have been the means of securing your future, will be lost forever.

The consequences of careless spending, to you and to every other Australian, are serious. So why not co-operate in this Savings drive to-day... read these five ways in which you can help secure your future.

### 5 WAYS TO SECURE YOUR FUTURE AND AUSTRALIA'S

1. Buy only what you really need. Spend wisely—get full value. Save all you can.
2. Pay no more than the fixed or regular prices. Always surrender coupons.
3. Don't waste money on blackmarket goods.
4. Pay your way. Settle your debts. Buy for cash.
5. Invest your savings, at better than bank interest, in Commonwealth Bonds, Savings Certificates and Stamps. Later on you'll have the money, plus the interest, to spend on better goods in plentiful supply at better values. Hold all the Bonds and Certificates you own.

# Save for Security

BUY BONDS AND SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

# Longer day-frocks at autumn shows in Paris

Peacock hems, wrap-on coats shown by leading designers

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff, who is at present in Paris

The hemline of new Paris frocks shown by the great dress designers at their autumn collections is three inches above the ankle for afternoons, four inches above for tailored clothes.

The only exception is Maggy Rouff, whose skirt lengths are shorter than those of other houses. She says she will not be drawn into a skirt-length controversy.

SHE considers that skirts too long are ungraceful, too short hideous, and that either way they make a woman look older.

"Grace, elegance, and beauty are more important than a fashionable length," she commented.

Peacock hems, sweeping to the floor at the back, off the ground in front, are having a terrific revival for dancing. Other evening styles are made with the hemline only an inch or two longer than afternoon frocks.

Lace and fussy underskirts centre interest on the hemlines, and peeping petticoats are back for afternoon frocks. They are of guipure lace under taffeta, rucked satin under velvet.

Marvellously elegant and feminine fashions with a curving, opulent day silhouette have been developed by all the houses.

For day the new line is a tight, slender bodice, narrowing into a tiny wasp waist from which a full skirt billows out, the perfect style for new, rich brocades and corded silks.

This line is repeated in tailcoats which have full skirts gathered or pleated into a narrow waistband under tight hip-length jackets.

Molyneux shows a whole series of these in fleck tweeds with belted backs and a single patch-pocket over one hip.

Padded hips giving a very wide look that first appeared in the spring collections in Paris are a feature of every autumn collection. Jean

Desses has topcoats with nipped waists, highwayman collars, and a hipline so rounded that it looks as if mounted on a motor tyre. Skirts, too, are cut to balloon out the hips. Molyneux gives skirts fullness like a bell, while Jean Desses and Maggy Rouff do pleats in stiff taffetas breaking from tiny, tight bodices with stiffened hips.

An important feature of the shows is the reintroduction of the 1921 loose wrap-over coat with standing-up roll collar and wide sleeves.

Another line for coats has a nipped waist and such built-out hips that it covers the full-skirted afternoon dress perfectly.

Again, Jean Desses leads with these coats. One is a slate-blue with astrakhan cape collar. It sweeps to four inches above the ankle, is trimmed in front with old-fashioned frogging.

New Chinese lantern skirts in stiff material banded with velvet have looped-under hemlines, and Jean Desses, whose superbly imaginative collection opened the autumn showings, makes a feature of every hemline looping.

## All lines soft

DOLMAN sleeves for coats and gently curving shoulders in all autumn clothes give confirmation of the general softening of all lines for the last two seasons.

Sleeves on all afternoon dresses and some town tailcoats are three-quarter length, and are always wide and cuffed on topcoats.

Waistlines are well down, and Maggy Rouff further emphasises the natural waistline with shaped suede belts on all her woollen daytime frocks. The belts fit snugly from the waist to emphasise hips.

They are very youthful looking. Jean Desses uses drapery extensively in loops at the back of dinner dresses in an unusual way that is like the hood on academic gowns.

Some of the dresses also show light skirt draping.

Lovely muted greens and browns of Victorian furnishings are used in fine corded silks and velveteens, and metallic colors are harmonised in Duchess satins and diaphanous chiffons.

Jet, braids, and beads are used almost exclusively for trimmings.

Outstanding in the collections are Ottoman silk frock coats for afternoon wear trimmed with fine braid and beads, and a chestnut-brown velvet afternoon frock with full skirt carrying rows of graduated tucks and a Parma-violet fitted coat with turquoise cravat.

Another interesting frock has a flared skirt and pleated petticoat heavily trimmed with old-fashioned Victorian furniture fringe and bobbles.

A sage-green soft wool jersey has an envelope sideways fastening secured with metal clips.

All these are from Maggy Rouff, whose collection is typically French. There is nothing caricatured about her models. Every dress is wearable, and there is not a line of extravagance.

She attaches waistcoats inside topcoats, shows light tweed belted and pocketed jackets with gaily colored skirts.



MOLYNEUX, who shows tailcoats with tight, hip-length jackets, belted backs, single patch-pockets.



MAGGY ROUFF, who refuses to adopt longer skirt fashion sponsored by other designers.



PEACOCK HEMS trailing to the floor at the back are feature of all the autumn Paris collections.

She also features taffeta, satin, and rich brocade tailored frock coats for town wear.

They are very smart with roll collars and deep V-necklines.

One is black taffeta brocade with four-button fastening and braid and bead trimmings on the hem, neck, and sleeves.

The fussy underskirt for evening is shown by Maggy Rouff in a white brocade crinoline with black velvet-frilled petticoat under a peacock hemline.

Transparent hemlines are back, and Rouff uses tucks organically to finish the hem of a velvet crinoline.

Molyneux shows a short jacket with dolman sleeves and the front and bottom banded with fox fur.

A lovely Molyneux evening dress in rich shiny satin was veiled with fine black lace. The full skirt looped

at the hipline into a balloon-like pep-  
plum.

His clothes have a definitely English feeling with a classic simplicity.

Harem hemlines and Turkish trousers are shown. Jean Desses shows the trousers for evening wear. They are wide and graceful in pale gold and silver soft jersey velours.

A Chinese fingertip-length coat over Turkish trousers in metallic colors completes the Eastern effect.

Polo coats in vivid colors with matching berets are worn for sport.

Berets are a feature of every collection. Molyneux makes his a tam-o'-shanter shape with matching tarian jackets.

Fishtail trains, fox fur Alaskan trappers' hats, velvet pillbox hats with towering ospreys, gauntlet gloves, tartan shawls, detachable peplums that flare and dip sideways banded with fox, muffs matching fur hats, fur capes over dolman-sleeved fur coats for the wrapped-up look, reversible travel coats, jersey motoring hats with scarf attached, blanket coats with Magyar sleeves reminiscent of the 'twenties, tambourine hats, velvet mad caps like paper party hats, jewels in the hair, pearls wound round chignons are all news.

New colors are sage-green, caramel, ginger, burnt-sugar, russet, verdigris, snuff-brown, havanabrown, hyacinth, Parma-violet.

Metallic shades are used together, gunmetal and gold, copper and aluminium, silver and bronze.

All shades of pigeon feathers and raint, grape, and prune colors are used.

## Jewellery differs in Paris and New York

AFTER seeing the autumn collections in Paris Anne Matheson cabled, "With the return of jet beading modern costume jewellery is dead"; but latest American fashions throw the emphasis more than ever on costume jewellery.

American designers have plumped for what they describe as uncluttered bodices with high necklines, shallow V and U necks, near cowls, shallow boat-necks, and turtle necks. These all look best with long necklaces, and already 17 to 18in. necklaces of golden scroll or graduated fringe are appearing.

To give the right accent to tapering sleeves, American designers recommend cuff bracelets. These can be either stone-studded or plain and may be as deep as three inches. Another type is made to whirl around the wrist in a lacy pattern.

Even the rounded hiplines, equally popular on both sides of the Atlantic, have been used by New York designers as an excuse for further use of costume jewellery.

Specially designed scatterpins or clips can be pinned on to accent the hipline, but must not be overdone, and gold hoops are used to hold the hip flange firm.



WRAP-ON COAT with a standing-up roll collar and wide sleeves is reminiscent of the early 'twenties.

Smart clothes and  
Chocolate must have  
quality and

—says lovely  
**TARA BARRY**

J. C. Williamson star

We show Miss Barry wearing her first choice in cocktail hats — a lovely toque massed with "precious pink" roses and swathed in stiffened black veiling. This glamorous stage star says:—

"I had to come to Australia to find the best chocolate I have ever tasted. You tell me Small's Club Chocolate is made especially for men — not so sweet. Nevertheless I like it. I find it so enjoyable and refreshing during long days at rehearsal or between acts. Yes, I agree that smart clothes and chocolate must have plenty of snap".

**SNAP**



**Everybody's 'snapping' it now!**



Everybody from Grandpa to young Willie is snapping their Small's Club Chocolate. This is the quality chocolate which we made especially for men — not so sweet. And remember this — the better the quality of the chocolate the louder the "SNAP". And Small's Club Chocolate breaks with a good loud "SNAP" everytime.



**Small's make great  
Chocolate**

"THE BETTER THE CHOCOLATE THE LOUDER THE SNAP"

# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE sun moves into the sign Virgo on August 24, bringing important changes for many star groups, and good fortune to Virgoans, Taurians, and Capricornians. They should make the most of opportunities which come their way. Gemini, Sagittarians, and Pisceans, however, may find it brings upsets and difficulties, and are advised to finalise important matters before that date.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:—

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Finalise important matters now. August 19, 20, and 21 (early) poor, but 22 (evening), 24 (to dusk), 25, and 26 (to midday) all quite good.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): August 20 and 21 (to midday) very good; 22 and 23 adverse. August 24 and 26 (after 8 a.m.) excellent for changes and gains.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Rush through urgent matters on August 19 (except 4 p.m.), 20, and 21 (to midday). August 22 (evening) fair, but caution needed after this date.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): August 19 and 20 confusing, 21 (evening) fair. August 22 (to 4 p.m.) good; 23 adverse; 24 (to noon) helpful for minor matters.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Seek change this week. August 20 and 21 (to midday) both excellent; 22 and 23 adverse. August 24 (to dusk), 25, and 26 all very good.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to Sept. 23): Good days ahead, so plan wisely. August 20



"Now that's strange—I could have sworn there were four of them in here!"

and 21 very good; 22 except 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. helpful. August 23, 24, 25, and 26 (early) all adverse.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): August 19 (to 2 p.m.) and 21 excellent, so use well. August 22 (morning), 23, and 26 (late) all very good.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Live cautiously until August 24; when Wood says same. Meanwhile August 19 (near 4 p.m.), 21 (late), 22 (4 p.m. to 7 p.m.), and 23 all adverse.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Finalise urgent matters this week. August 19 and 21 good; 22 (down), and 24 (to noon) very helpful. Be cautious on August 25 and 26.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): August 19, 20, and 21 (early) poor, but 22 (except 4 p.m. to 7 p.m.), 25 (after 3 p.m.), and 26 all excellent. Seek progress and gains.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Household chores best this week. August 19, 21, 22, 23, and 24 all poor. August 25 (early) confusing. Be cautious. Finalise outstanding matters on August 26, 21, or 22 (except 4 p.m. to 7 p.m.). Best of week (except August 25 and 26) very poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents the astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## Your Coupons

TEA: 25-30.  
BUTTER: 28-30.  
MEAT: Black, 54-67 (68-70 available Sept. 1); green, 72 and 75 (77, 79 available Sept. 1);  
CLOTHING: 1-50, current.



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, set off on a yachting expedition in The Argos with **COLONEL BARTON:** Wealthy explorer and scientist, and his daughter Betty, in search of rare flame-colored pearls. There is unrest among the crew, for First-mate Sims has

heard of the mission and begins plotting with **CAPTAIN BEEKER:** Who is in charge of the yacht, to obtain the pearls for themselves. Mandrake and Colonel Barton descend to the ocean-bed in diving-suits to begin their search when a monstrous octopus rises up

**NOW READ ON:**

AND AS SIMS WORKS THE LIFE-GIVING AIR-PUMP, CAPTAIN BEEKER ISSUES A WHISPERED ORDER ---

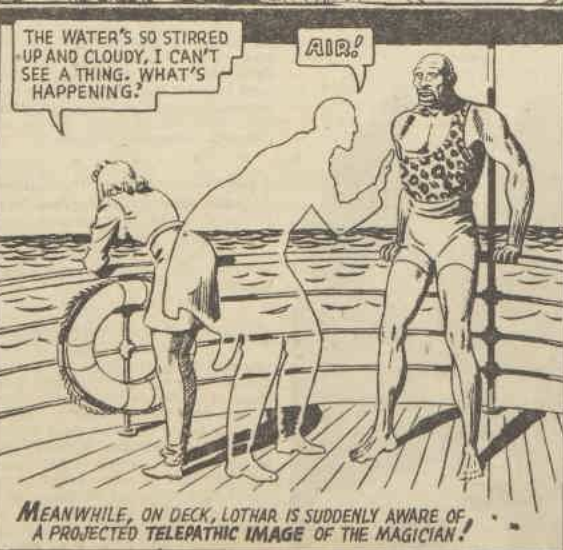


AND UNNOTICED, SIMS QUICKLY KNOTS MANDRAKE'S AIR-LINE.

AS MANDRAKE FACES THE MONSTER, HE SUDDENLY CHOKES FOR AIR! BARTON TRYING TO REACH HIM, SLIPS INTO A TIGHT WEDGE IN THE TREACHEROUS SEA BOTTOM! A GREAT TENTACLE WHIPS OUT ---

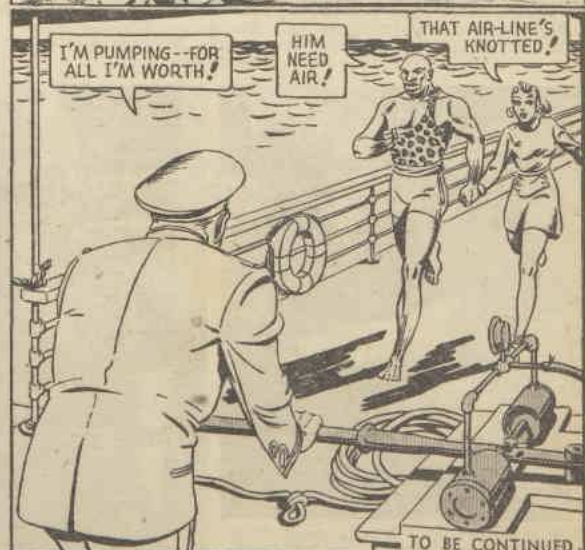


NEARBY, BARTON WATCHES, HELPLESS AND HORRIFIED, AS HE TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE ROCK WEDGE ---



THE WATER'S SO STIRRED UP AND CLOUDY, I CAN'T SEE A THING. WHAT'S HAPPENING?

AIR!



I'M PUMPING -- FOR ALL I'M WORTH!

HIM NEED AIR!

THAT AIR-LINE'S KNOTTED!

MEANWHILE, ON DECK, LOTHAR IS SUDDENLY AWARE OF A PROJECTED TELEPATHIC IMAGE OF THE MAGICIAN!

TO BE CONTINUED.



**STAGE PERSONALITIES.** John Farwick and his wife, Molly Raynor, who recently returned to Australia from England, attend party given by Dorothy Duncley at her Potts Point flat.



**INTERESTING WEDDING.** Mr. F. M. B. Fisher and his bride, Baroness Wavertree of Delamore, C.B.E., leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, after their marriage. Lady Wavertree, who is Dame Grand Cross of Order of St. John, was greeted by guard of honor of women's section of St. John Ambulance.

## Intimate Gossipings

**I**N letters home to her parents, the Frank Penfold Hylands, of Toft-Monks, Elizabeth Bay, their daughter Rada (Mrs. Stuart Shierlaw) tells them news of glamorous life in Singapore.

In her last letter Rada was full of gossip of week-end spent with British Special Commissioner for South-east Asia, Lord Killern, and Lady Killern at their palace, which used to be occupied by Sultan of Johore. Rada and Stuart have flat in Singapore and Rada spends her mornings swimming before lunch at luxury Tanglin Club. Lots of Australians passing through Singapore on way to England by air, and, despite busy social life, Rada likes to catch up with news of Sydney. Just recently Helen and Ewart Brisbane spent few days there, and Rada lunched with them at Raffles.

**G**AY two days' polo carnival at Wellington. Eight teams compete for cup—two teams from Narrimine, Cudal team, Tallyho team from Quirindi, Mudgee team, Bylong team, and two local teams. Narrimine successfully carries off cup. In addition to polo, four polocrosse teams play, Ingleburn, Mudgee, and two local Wellington teams are cheered on from sidelines. Visiting Ingleburn wins day and carries off prize. Ball is held after first day's play, and bright beer party at local tennis club is finale to carnival, which is first since before the war.

**C**ABLES off to China to tell Australian Minister to China Professor Douglas Copland and Mrs. Copland news of first grandchild. Baby boy is born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Tier, of Point Piper, at St. Luke's Hospital. Before marriage Mrs. Tier was Joyce Copland, of Melbourne.

**S**TAYING with friends for three weeks' holiday in Sydney is Mrs. E. W. Latchford, of Albury. Mrs. Latchford's visit planned to correspond with Rugby match between Royal Military College, Duntroon, and G.P.S. She attends match with her son, Corporal Kevin Latchford, of R.M.C. Mrs. Latchford will renew many friendships during stay in Sydney, as she lived here for many years before her husband, Lieut.-Col. Latchford, took over command of Army School of Infantry, Seymour, Victoria.

**H**OPING to leave in the Stratheden early next year are Mrs. Winifred White, of Cremorne, and her daughter Shirley, who will be married on her arrival in England to Lieut. Aubrey St. Vincent Hamrick, R.N.

**F**RRIENDS of Myra McDougall will be interested to hear of her marriage in Assam, India, to Charles Campbell Pearson. Wedding took place at Oaklands tea estate, home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Keddy. Myra wore a gown of parchment satin, and orchids held her wedding veil in place. Veil, which is 100 years old, was lent by Mrs. Walsh, who was Leonie Gore, of Brisbane, and Myra was 16th bride to wear it. Charles is an English tea-planter, and couple's new home is at Mahakall tea estate, Hoogrijn, Assam. Myra and Charles expect to visit Sydney in October.

**B**RRIEFLY: Sir Philip and Lady Game, with their daughter Rosemary (Mrs. Nigel Harman) and her daughter Veronica return to Surrey home after three weeks' holiday in Kent. Rosemary hopes to leave for the Sudan to join Nigel in autumn. . . . Trouseau-hunting for Shirley Kennett, of Woodford, Queensland, who plans marriage next April with Malcolm Weir, of Cowra. . . . Fiji holiday for Mrs. T. J. Neilson, of Hunter's Hill, who stays with daughter, Betty Miller, at Labasa, Fiji, after twelve months' holiday in U.S.A. . . . Peggy Henderson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. L. Henderson, formerly of Parkes, now Manly, off to England to do post-graduate course at Queen Charlotte Hospital, London.

**C**ANBERRA riding club now in full swing with approximately 60 to 100 members. Patron is U.K. High Commissioner, Mr. E. J. Williams. Members plan all-day picnics as soon as capital's wintry weather brightens. They are also discussing formation of polocrosse team for both seniors and juniors, and it's hoped to arrange a visit by a Sydney team to give demonstration.

**E**NTERING the romance field. Valerie Spicer, of Cessnock, announces engagement to Ronald Drayton, of Pokolbin; and Joyce Hayward, trainee at R.P.A., announces her engagement to Joseph Davies.



**WATCHING POLO.** Janet Thomson and her sister Connie, of Macquarie Park, Wellington, and Joy Brownhill, of Beaudesert, Mudgee, watch Jim Thomson play with Wellington "B" team when Wellington holds first polo carnival since war.



**ATTENDED** Wellington Polo Carnival. Joan Barton, Jill McKewen, Una Cameron, and Betty McKewen are polo and polocrosse enthusiasts. Jill and Betty McKewen and Joan Barton played polocrosse with Wellington team at recent polo carnival held at local showground.



**LUNCHING AT PRINCE'S.** Mr. and Mrs. Morris Jackman lunch together with Mrs. Lennox Bode. Mr. and Mrs. Jackman have just moved into a flat at Elizabeth Bay.



**FOR EXHIBITION.** Miss Barbara Knox, photographed with exhibits which will be displayed in miniature theatre exhibition at Macquarie Galleries, commencing this Tuesday. Proceeds of show are for Food for Britain.



**WAVING FAREWELL.** Lelia Baracchi and Lori Romano, who sail together in the Stratheden for England, wave farewell to relatives and friends on wharf who come to say good-bye.

# WORTH Reporting

**F**OR 15 years Aage Thaarup, Danish-born milliner to the Queen, has been at war with the managers of London's smartest hotels—on the subject of evening hats.

London's big hotels ban hats for evening wear, and until recently Mr. Thaarup has waged his war alone. Now, with evening hats the rage in Paris, other London milliners are coming to his aid.

So far, women who have appeared at exclusive nightclubs and hotels wearing evening hats have been asked to remove them before entering the ballroom. In some restaurants no hat, however attractive, may pass the door once dinner has been served.

"I have had one or two orders for evening hats," says Mr. Thaarup, "but they are mostly so small that they could possibly pass as an elaborate coiffure."

"However, if we can break the ice, perhaps later we can hope for larger models."

"That's just the trouble," says the manager of the Bagatelle restaurant. "It's so difficult these days to draw the line between hats that aren't really hats and hats that are."

"Our objection to ladies wearing hats is simply because dance floors are small and hats take up space. Also, they obscure the cabaret show for people sitting down."

## As she is spoke

**H**OW Europeans are being absorbed in Britain under the European Volunteer Workers' scheme is told in the latest bulletin of the Women's Voluntary Services. The W.V.S. members are helping as escorts, with clothing, and as interpreters.

"But," says the bulletin, "the Lancashire landlady seems the champion teacher. Your scribe saw this scene:

"A landlady was sitting with a comic strip on her knee. She pointed to a picture. 'C-A-T. Cat. No, not sharp-like. don't say Ket. Cat. You want to speak proper English, tha knows.'"

**BRITISH** manufacturers are producing a coin-in-the-slot machine which sprays the operator with a choice of four scents.

Another coin-in-the-slot machine, designed for children, shows nursery rhymes being enacted in color.

## Meals for millions

**S.O.S. SIGNS** appearing throughout the United States stand for "Stamp Out Starvation," motto of a non-profit-making foundation which is sponsoring a "Meals for Millions" programme.

The foundation has sent shipments of Multi-Purpose Food (a dehydrated foodstuff made on a soy bean base) to provide more than two million meals in Europe and Asia.

Organisers ask people to put the S.O.S. stamps on jam jars in their homes and offices and drop in their odd cents.

Each dollar provides 33 meals of the Multi-Purpose Food.

## Animal Antics



"He keeps on saying 'beep' instead of 'oink.'"

## Like watching planes

**M**OST residents of Rose Bay, Sydney, complain of the noise from the flying-boat base in the bay, but Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Goossens, who have just moved into a flat in the suburb, find the flying-boats an added attraction.

Mrs. Goossens (whose husband is the new permanent conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra) says: "You know the way people used to sit on the porch in a rocking chair, watching the people pass by?"

"It's something the same with us. We like to watch the planes go by."

## Portable shower

**W**E've always felt one of the drawbacks of camping was the lack of hot and cold running water, but a Sydney hairdresser, Mr. Edward Hitchens, has an invention to solve the problem.

Mr. Hitchens has designed a portable shower, slightly larger than an ordinary kettle.

You immerse the shower in a bucket of hot water, then hold it over your head by the two handles, and the water sprinkles over you.

"Ladies will find the shower very convenient for shampooing the hair," a direction on the side of the shower says. "It can also be used to water seedlings in the garden and for freshening up pot-plants."

Mr. Hitchens had been toying with the idea of patenting his portable shower for 20 years, but was always discouraged.

"My wife was most critical when I first invented it, and told me to leave it out in the junk shed, but I don't let discouragement deter me for long," he said.

"I expect to have it on the market next month, and to make quite a success of it."

Ten years ago Mr. Hitchens designed a self-honing razor which he marketed in England. At present he is considering publishing his theory on the cause of baldness.

"Doctors may laugh at it, but I've found during my years as a hairdresser that it is the hairy, blue-jowled men who go bald, not the men with only a very thin growth of hair," he said.

"It depends entirely on the amount of hair-producing hormones in the body."

It is an interesting theory, but so far Mr. Hitchens hasn't got further than the cause. He's still trying to find a cure.

## Lost and found

**T**HE Aga Khan, Eastern potentate and racehorse owner, has just found a Rolls-Royce he lost when the Germans overran France.

By a lucky chance his chauffeur discovered it on a dump at Aix-les-Bains. The body had lost much of its prewar paint and splendor, but the engine was in perfect condition.

Now the Rolls is on the road again, though still looking a bit the worse for wear.

The Aga's driver thinks that the Germans probably could not spare enough petrol to drive it except on special occasions, but the engine was carefully tended so that it was ready for such emergencies.

## Jazz as an art

**A** GROUP of earnest young men, who call themselves the Port Jackson Jazz Band, visited us this week to give us details of their plan to convert Australia to jazz.

They feel, according to their spokesman, short, bearded Ray Price, that it's time jazz came into its own as the most perfect self-expression of all musical forms.

"Half the trouble of the present generation is that it's been brought up on love songs and swing. We need something with intellectual appeal and vitality," clarinet player Bob Cruickshank said.

"Love songs and swing are all right, but there's no real art in them," Price said, tapping a sand-dalled foot on the floor to emphasise his point.

"We're the only jazz band in Sydney playing traditional negro tunes and the music of the 1920's."

"We play vital, intellectual numbers such as 'Jazz Me Blues,' 'That's A Plenty,' and 'I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate.'"

At present the band plays every Sunday at the Ironworkers' Hall, Sydney, but intends to tour country towns bringing jazz to the outback.

Members also feel it would be an impressive gesture if they went on a tour to America to show that, in their own words, "a band from Down Under can bring back America's own culture."

"Everywhere it has been taken, jazz has fostered sincerity and understanding, and as we would be harbingers of goodwill our proposed American tour may foster international peace between the nations," Price said.

There's only one thing which may stand in the way of the American tour—finance—but the band isn't worried. They feel it's just a matter of letting Australians hear their jazz and the money will come rolling in.

## Schoolgirl crack shot

**F**IFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Helen Ryan, of Thurroul, N.S.W., who is the youngest girl to have mastered the .303 service rifle of the British Armed Forces, has been accompanying her father, Mr. Alan Ryan, to the range since she was four years old.

He is a crack shot of the Bull Rifle Club, and his father, John Ryan, was a pioneer in rifle shooting in Australia.

Helen began to shoot only this year, but she is now always selected in the Bull Rifle Club's first team for interclub competition.

The club's team has competed against have been N.S.W. Metropolitan Railways, Kiama, and Sutherland, all composed of veteran rifle shots, yet Helen has shot her way every time into at least fifth position.

Her averages in these team matches remain at 48 out of the possible 50.

The Bull Rifle Club's prize meeting was won by Helen, again competing against veterans, and she won the 300 and 600 yards matches by scoring 47 and 48 out of the possible 50.

She is the only girl ever to have scored a possible with the service rifle. This was done at Bull on the 300 yards range.

Her knitted blouse has that **New** look... that **LUX LOOK!**



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## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Oh, him? He's my new orderly."



If you're "shooed"  
away like this . . .

And you'd rather be  
"shoed" away like this



TRY THIS

*MORAL: Everybody's  
breath offends some-  
times. Let Life Savers  
sweeten and freshen  
your breath — after  
eating, drinking, and  
smoking.*



THE POPULAR PAIR

# Can You Coffeepot on Skates?

Continued from page 5

THE professor paused long enough to be sure he had made his meaning clear, then continued. "This is a rather extraordinary honor for you, you know," he said, smiling. "I don't want you to think I'm being patronising, but you are still rather young and you may not fully appreciate what your uncle's position has been in his world."

"I know they gave him the Nobel Prize," Dorsey said.

He seemed to shrug. "A public acknowledgment of eminence," said the professor airily.

This struck Dorsey as a remarkably offhand way of defining the Nobel Prize, but since it was Professor Austin who said so, it was probably all right.

"But to those of us who have been privileged to live and work closely with Clement Dorsey," he continued, "he is more than an eminent man, a distinguished man. He's a great man, a great thinker. Perhaps one of the half-dozen only real thinkers in the world to-day."

Professor Austin smiled a little wryly. "Well, I just wanted you to know how I felt," he said.

Dorsey began to wish guiltily that she could be a more remarkable relative to so great a man. It would be nice to-day if she were Madame Curie or somebody like that. "I don't know why he wants to see me—"

Professor Austin patted her arm. "You'll know in a moment," he said.

They got out of the car and the professor led her silently through the front door of a large house and up the stairs. He waited while she took off her hat and coat, then conducted her into Clement Dorsey's library.

Dorsey looked about her, astonished at what she saw. She had expected an atmosphere of serenity and solitude in this house of crucial illness, but there was no such atmosphere. The room filled with people, swarmed and surged with them. They sat and stood in couples and in groups, whispering and solemnly nodding their heads.

As Dorsey entered the library with Professor Austin, every face turned towards her, dozens of eyes rested on her, studying her curiously, expectantly. At first Dorsey thought these people must be doctors, but they couldn't all be doctors.

In a blurred instant familiar faces came to her out of the crowd, faces any newspaper reader could not help but recognise. Among

others, she identified two leading politicians, a celebrated writer, and a man who had given his name to an internationally studied philosophy of thought.

She heard Professor Austin's voice as though he spoke from inside a locked closet. "This young lady is Professor Dorsey's great-niece, Dorsey Mitchell," he said. "I think we had better forgo more formal introductions for the time being." Everyone looked at her sympathetically.

A man with a notebook and a pencil approached her, but Professor Austin frowned at him, muttered "Later," and the man retreated. She saw that the white-clad figure of a nurse had appeared in the doorway. As if it were a signal, the professor took her by the arm, guided her across the library, and along a hallway and then through a door, where he gave her arm a little squeeze and left her alone. Dorsey saw that she stood in a half-darkened room. She looked about her uncertainly.

AT last she heard her name spoken quietly from out of the twilight.

"I'm over here, Dorsey, by the window," the voice said. "I'm sorry it's so dark, but they make me keep it this way."

Dorsey moved towards the window and as her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom she saw the old man half propped up in an enormous bed. He was smiling at her and beckoning with his hand. She was startled and saddened by the frail little man whose pathetic body barely disturbed the smoothness of the white coverlet. Only in the kind, keen eyes, burned low by sickness now, could she remember a man from long ago.

"Hello, Uncle Clem," she said. "I'm sorry you're sick."

He continued to smile at her, studying her eagerly.

"You needn't be sorry, Dorsey. I don't mind being sick. The phrase seemed to amuse him. "You were very kind to come. It's a long way, I know, but I wanted to see you a great deal."

Dorsey drew a chair close to the bedside and sat down, returning the old man's smile. Her apprehension of her interview with her eminent relative, her trepidation over encountering the great folk in the library was spilling out of her as

effortlessly as water spills out of an overturned cup. It happened without her even knowing it.

It was Clement Dorsey's gift, an unconscious secret. He was so completely lacking in any kind of pretension that people felt at once that he was a simple man, and they were at ease with him.

"You're very like your mother, Dorsey," he said. "Astonishingly like her. It's like seeing her all over again. That's what I'd hoped." "You were fond of Mother, weren't you, Uncle Clem?"

"Yes," he said, "yes. I was in that fortunate position of an uncle who can have all the pleasure of spoiling his sister's child without undertaking any of the pain of discipline. It's a fine way to have children." The old man paused for a moment, then added thoughtfully, "Was I terribly selfish to make you travel so far just to look at you?"

"Oh, no, of course you weren't," she said.

"Anyway, Dorsey, it wasn't just to look at you and talk to you. Well, yes, it was, but I have another excuse, not a very good one. I want to give you something, or leave you something, as people say. Some money."

"Oh, you mustn't do that!" Dorsey said quickly.

He looked at her blankly. "Why not?"

"Well, I . . . you must have someone . . . I mean, you mustn't . . ."

"Oh," said Professor Dorsey. "I thought for a minute you might have some real reason. No, Dorsey," he continued. "Money sounds valuable to you because there is presumably something you'd like to buy with it. Now, there isn't anything in the world I would like to buy, so you see it really isn't much of a gift coming from me. As some anonymous sage rather unnecessarily pointed out, 'You can't take it with you.' He seemed to be chuckling to himself.

"I knew a man once," he went on, "whose answer to that was, 'If I can't take it with me I won't go.' But he went anyhow, denying himself the fun of giving something away and at the same time causing his heirs a frightful amount of trouble straightening out the mess."

Dorsey's voice sounded very little.

"Well, if it would really make you feel better, Uncle Clem," she said.

"I mean, thank you very much."

"My goodness!" he said. "I'm depressing you, aren't I? Forgive me, Dorsey. I don't see many young people and I'm afraid I'd forgotten

HAZEL



how sad dying sounds to them. It was stupid of me. We won't talk about it any more. Would you like to play a game? A word game?" He leaned forward eagerly. "I used to play word games with your mother when she was about your age. We had some fine games. Would you like to, Dorsey?"

Dorsey gestured vaguely towards the door. "But . . . but all those people," she said, "they're waiting to see you. They're here because . . . because you're sick. Aren't they?"

"I suppose they are," he said, and for the first time he seemed troubled. "But—how can I explain it to you?—they would all be solemn and profound and they would expect me to be solemn and profound. Not that they're not at all good people; some of them are even wise people. But, Dorsey, I'm tired. I've worked hard for a long time. I've looked up at her almost wistfully. "Couldn't we play just one game?"

She drew her chair closer to the bed and leaned forward. "I'd like it," she said. "I just thought you wanted to see the other people."

"Good!" He frowned in concentration. "What shall we play? Have you ever played Coffeepot?"

"I've played Teakettle."

He nodded. "Just a corruption of the same game," he said. "You pick a verb and I'll ask you questions, only I say 'Coffeepot' instead of the verb. Isn't that right?"

"Right."

"Good, go ahead. Tell me when you've got one."

Dorsey scowled, trying to think of a likely verb to stump a Nobel Prize winner in a game of Coffeepot.

Presently she selected "to dance," thinking that dancing was probably a good deal closer to her own sphere of living than to her uncle's. "I've got one," she said.

Professor Dorsey studied her carefully. "Can both men and women Coffeepot?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you like to Coffeepot?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do I?"

Dorsey hesitated, thinking. "Well, I don't know," she said at last.

"Yes, I guess you did . . . do. I should think you'd be the kind of man who would like Coffeepotting."

Professor Dorsey's eyes sparkled, and he smiled to himself. "The question was unfair," he said. "Can you Coffeepot out of doors?"

"Well . . . you can, but that's not the best place for it."

"Oh, isn't it? Well, do you Coffeepot in church?"

"Oh, no."

"In bed?" Professor Dorsey asked.

Dorsey laughed delightedly. "Not only you don't, but you couldn't even if you tried."

He smiled back at her, watching her laughter, enjoying the game. His next question was a long time in coming. When at length it did come, he spoke it slowly, spacing the words. "Can you," he asked, "Coffeepot . . . on skates?"

"Well, you can," Dorsey said, "but you have to be pretty good. Most people can't Coffeepot on skates."

She waited for his next question, and after a moment she said, "Go ahead, Uncle Clem. Ask me another."

He didn't answer, and, looking

closer, Dorsey saw that he lay easily back against his pillows, his eyes closed, an amused little smile on his lips.

"Uncle Clem," she said again, but even as she spoke she knew the little old man was dead.

She rose slowly from her chair and looked for a moment at the peaceful old face. Then she crossed the room and opened the door. Dorsey crossed the hall, and as she stood in the library doorway there was no need for her to speak; from her face the others knew what had happened.

A doctor hurried past her; he returned in a moment and nodded his head solemnly. A long time seemed to pass in a haze of inaction, and presently Dorsey became aware that everyone was looking at her, watching her, apparently waiting for her to speak. Then Professor Austin came over to her.

"Tell us, my dear," he said gently, "what were his final words? Did he speak just at the last?"

"Yes, we were talking," Dorsey said mechanically. "We were . . . She broke off, seized with sudden panic. Only then did she remember the last words of the great man in the other room, the mighty thinker, the colossus of his world.

The words had been, "Can you Coffeepot on skates?"

Dorsey was horrified, tongue-tied. The eminent folk about her were listening, waiting in courteous silence to hear how Clement Dorsey had met death. But what did they expect to hear? Something more deeply profound, more nobly inspired than the interrogation, "Can you Coffeepot on skates?" Dorsey could not, would not bring herself to utter those words.

A terrible calm came over her and she threw back her head as though she were about to address an assembly ten times the size of the one in the library.

"He said," she began, and the room fell into an instant hush. "He said, 'The flaming torch of progress passes on to youth. It will, as always, be taken up courageously in strong, young hands and held high in the great march forward down the highway, proud and unafraid!'" Dorsey finished, swallowed hard, and glanced about her apprehensively.

The room was deadly silent for what seemed ten minutes, then the illustrious philosopher, his face visibly affected by emotion, said, "We have lost a great heart." Several heads in the room nodded grave agreement.

Suddenly, the man with the pad and pencil who had approached Dorsey earlier jammed on his hat and darted out of the room; four others darted after him, and the silent hush of the room was broken forever.

"Come with me, my dear," said Professor Austin's quiet voice.

Several hours later Dorsey rode again in the sky, heading westward. She was not on the plane she had hoped to be on; she knew that she would be too late to make the right connection with the plane for home; she would definitely miss the breaking-up.

But looking at the newspaper in her lap and reading over again the last words of the famous man who had died that day, it didn't seem to matter so much any more.

(Copyright)

## Beauty and the Butler

Continued from page 10

Mr. Sanderson was much amused. "Nonsense," said he. "Freddie comes from a fine family. A better family than ours. Much better."

He scuttled down the steps, conscious that Marjorie's glance was stabbing him between the shoulder-blades, and delighted that, all in all, he had succeeded in upsetting the Wood family a good deal.

He turned his steps toward Mrs. McLane's small house. It was dark and locked and entirely untenanted. "Ahi!" said Mr. Sanderson and went happily home to bed.

"Good morning, sir. Your breakfast!"

Mr. Sanderson blinked and sat up. Frederick was not in his shorts; he had on his black coat and striped trousers, and, except for a frightened manner, seemed quite undamaged.

"Good morning, Freddie."

The breakfast tray was on Mr. Sanderson's knees and its contents had changed greatly. The bacon was beautiful and crisp, there were some steaming crumpets.

"Splendid!" said Mr. Sanderson. "Freddie's ears wiggled; his feet shuffled. His eyes stared at some invisible point on the ceiling. "Sir," he said desperately, "I got married."

Mr. Sanderson began enjoying his crumpet. "Did you indeed? And who's the lucky lady?"

"Lena, sir. That is, Mrs. McLane."

Mr. Sanderson ate his bacon. Frederick transferred his troubled gaze to the view outside the window.

dow. "The fact is, sir, that Lena—that is, Mrs. McLane—only she's Mrs. Small now—is out in the kitchen right this minute."

Mr. Sanderson could have told that from the splendid breakfast he was having.

"I hope you won't be angry about it, sir."

Mr. Sanderson sampled the coffee and it was wonderful. "Certainly not, Freddie. My congratulations."

Frederick attained a final pitch of desperation.

"Look here, sir. There are plenty of empty rooms at the back—and Lena's moved some of her things in already, though I told her she shouldn't." Frederick shuddered and summoned his last resources. "She's—she's a splendid cook, sir."

Mr. Sanderson was fully aware of it. If Mrs. McLane hadn't been a culinary expert, she wouldn't now be married to Frederick. But Frederick would never know that.

He beamed upon his butler. "A very ingenious idea, Freddie. By all means, tell your wife to move all her things over at once. And get the east bedroom ready. It's by far the best one. We shall all be very happy together, I'm sure."

A great sense of well-being filled Mr. Sanderson as he took another crumpet. Everything in life had a way of working out all right, he thought, provided you gave Fate a slight push at the proper time.

MARJORIE was perched on the Verandah rail in a blue shirt and grey slacks, and a pin point of light testified that her father was in the act of smoking a cigar. If Frederick was about the property he was carefully concealed.

"Hello, there, Cousin Joe. Come on up," commanded Marjorie in her best parade-ground voice.

Mr. Sanderson did and sat down beside Mr. Wood, a small, plump, fuzzy little man inclined to be pompous.

"You know, Joe," said Mr. Wood immediately, "you're doing a great job on that garden of yours. That's the right spirit. If you want a job done properly, don't be afraid to do it yourself."

Mr. Sanderson nodded, knowing that Mr. Wood wouldn't condescend to do a thing in his own garden, even if it were choked with weeds. If Mr. Wood wanted a job done properly, he'd hire someone else to see to it. Besides, he probably had Frederick locked in a cupboard.

Mr. Wood waved his cigar. "I certainly envy you that butler fellow of yours. Where is he, by the way? Haven't seen him around to-day."

Mr. Sanderson decided that Mr. Wood didn't have Frederick in his possession. "Oh, Freddie's becoming quite the man about town. He was over at the Casino the other night."

A stifled sound came from Marjorie.

Mr. Wood became much enraged. "What right's he got going to the Casino? That fellow's getting above himself. All those fellows are getting above themselves. No wonder the country's going to the dogs!"

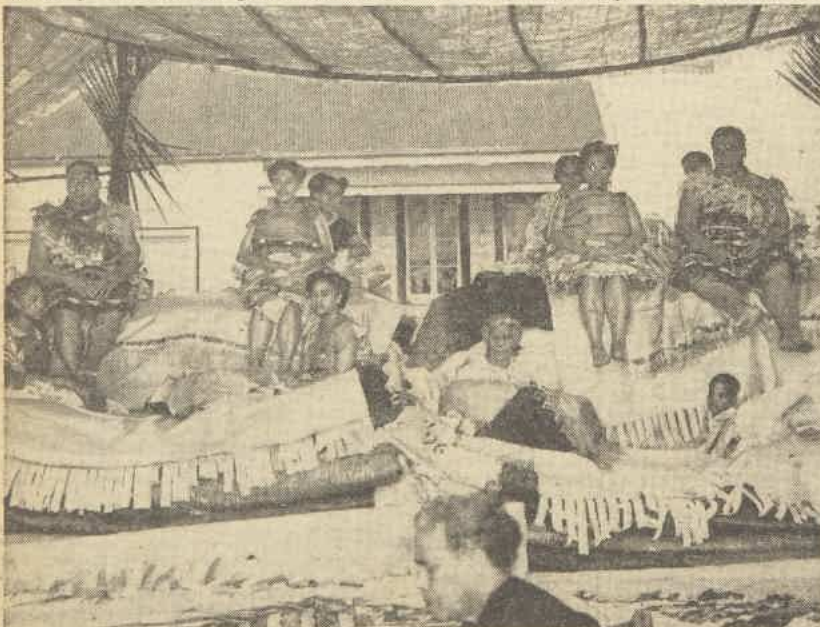
# Double wedding at Tonga of Queen Salote's



**HALAEVALU, BRIDE** of Prince Tupouto-o-Tungi, heir to the Tongan Throne, cutting one of the two five-tiered wedding cakes at the reception which followed the ceremony in the Royal Chapel.



**PRINCES AND THEIR BRIDES** at the traditional Tongan ceremony held two days later. Brides are wearing feathered mat garments, bridegrooms are dressed in tapa decorated with leaves, scented flowers.



**FOR TONGAN CEREMONY**, bridal party is seated on six-foot-high dais of elaborately designed woven mats and tapa. Presents of mats, kava roots, and pigs were exchanged.

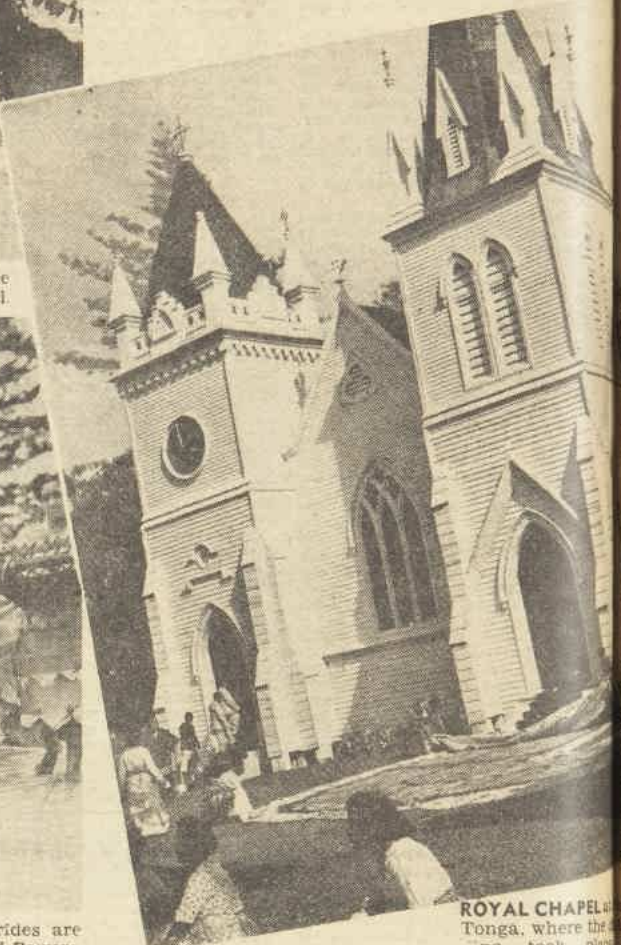
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★ Pictures on this page were taken at the double wedding of the two sons of Queen Salote of Tonga.

Crown Prince Tupouto-o-Tungi married Halaevalu, daughter of the Governor of Ha'apai Island. Fatafehi Tui Pelehake married Melenaita Tupou, niece of the Speaker of the Tongan Parliament. Both were educated at Newington College, Sydney.

Rev. Roger Page, former head of the Methodist Church in Tonga, officiated at the ceremony, following which 350 guests, including the royal family, were entertained in palm-covered shelters overlooking the Royal Palace.

Two days later the wedding was repeated in Tonga.



**ROYAL CHAPEL** at Nukunono, Tonga, where the double wedding took place.



**TEN BRIDESMAIDS** at the Christian ceremony. The girls wore white satin dresses, and carried baskets made from shells and filled with white chrysanthemums.

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 23, 1947

ns  
wedding  
Mota-  
Prince  
Halaefufo,  
Princes  
Tonga,  
Europeans,  
near the  
tast.



**TUPOUTO-O-TUNGI** and Halaefufo with the Rev R. G. Page, who conducted the wedding ceremony



**CROWN PRINCE** and his bride leaving the chapel for the wedding breakfast. Overseas visitors from Fiji and Samoa were present.



**PRINCE FATAFEHI TUI PELEHAKE** and his bride Melenaiti on way to wedding breakfast. The British Agent and Consul in Tonga, Mr. C. W. T. Johnson, proposed the toast.



**QUEEN SALOTE** (centre) with Princess Halaefufo Mata-aho (left) and Princess Melenaiti. Queen's A.D.C. Capt. Vilai is in rear.

at Mualofa,  
the wed-  
e recently

white  
them.

SCRATCHY CLEANSERS WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME! POTS ARE SO PRECIOUS NOW, YET I'M SCOURED AND SCRAPPED EVERY DAY!



Clean Smoothly with **VIM** NEVER SCRATCHES

HOORAY FOR VIM! I'M AN OLD-TIMER BUT VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES KEEP ME LIKE NEW.



# A Love Like That

Continued from page 7

VALENTINE pressed the elevator buzzer and waited, smiling wryly. She could go back to Texas and he probably wouldn't bat an eye. She could go to Somaliland, Timbuctoo, or Zanzibar, and it wouldn't worry him in the slightest. Her connection with his life was finished.

The elevator door slid open. "Down!" Grandfather Ransome's business-like granddaughter agreed that she was—right down! The battle, she told herself ruefully, was over.

Even so, she could not bring herself to return home. She lingered on in New York and kept an eye on Jonathan Corinthus Blair.

All her money and energies had been poured into the task of keeping that man's company alive while he found himself, and now that he knew and cherished his responsibilities she had to admit that she felt like somebody left waiting at the church.

It wasn't as if Jonathan didn't realize what she'd done. He did. Bard Calhoun, who was still handling the Blair advertising, told her that he had said he was very much indebted to her. She had been a fine business woman.

"He told me he would try to get a good offer for your stock," Bard reported. "He thinks he can in a little time. He'll arrange a nice profit for you."

Profit! What did she care about profit? Of course, Jonathan did not connect her up with Ransome Oil. She was just a Texan girl who'd squandered all her money in picking up some steamship stock at a bargain.

So she was left with a vague restless feeling and as an antidote plunged into a round of social events in lieu of sitting at home twiddling her thumbs and thinking of Jonathan Blair. She ran into him at the River Club one night and was glad

that she did because that would show him she was still in New York, should he be interested.

Jonathan paid no attention to her at all. He was with Carol Wallace, and Valentine suddenly decided to find out what was so attractive about that blonde.

She met Carol one night at a party given by Bard's sister, Jill Calhoun. In ten minutes he was bored stiff.

"Clinging vine," she rendered as a verdict. "The high art of clinging." Jonathan couldn't like that kind of thing. But she heard definitely that their engagement might be announced any day, and certainly all signs pointed to it.

The only thing, apparently, that was holding it up was the fact that Jonathan Blair was working day and night reorganising his lines. He was the active head now. But it wasn't only on the shipping business that he was so preoccupied.

Valentine heard that he was going farther. He was working to establish an air service, bring the Blair Lines into the air. He was busy trying to bring off a deal with Continental Airways. That thrilled Valentine. She would have liked to be in on that. How that young man was stepping out! There was no stopping him now.

Jonathan was certainly on his way. A dream waited for expression. A dream that he had held ever since he came back from South America. He labored vigorously to bring it into being while old Abijah looked down at him from the wall.

Old Abijah had started the line with clippers, his son had guided them into steam, and his son had brought them into oil—and now—clipper ships in the air. Jonathan carrying the line on with clipper ships, express clippers.

Ben Meade was putting money into the idea, Dirk Segrave, Mike Guerdon, and Frank Singmaster—not because Corry Blair had long been their friend, but because with vivid brush he painted the great glory of the air express, a lasting and gilt-edged investment.

He was deep in facts and figures when Carol turned up at his office round five o'clock one afternoon. "Hi," he greeted. "Sit down and smoke a pipe with me."

Carol looked at her wrist-watch. "Isn't it about time to stop?"

"Stop?" said Jonathan. "What's that? Oh shucks, Carol, I haven't any hours. The work has to be done."

"Have you forgotten that you're supposed to take me to Bernice's dinner-dance this evening?"

"As a matter of fact," said Jonathan, running fingers through his rumpled hair, "I had forgotten all about that thing."

"Lovely," murmured Carol.

He pushed himself away from the desk. Hang it, he had to talk to somebody about this. He wanted her to see the same limitless project that he did.

"Think of it," he invited her. "The Blair-Continental Airways. South American service!" he said enthusiastically.

"You think of it, darling," Carol said. She looked at her watch again and arose. "Please," she begged, "don't forget about Bernice's. Corry. Don't get lost in the trade winds."

"I'll get there," he said. After she left he walked round the desk a couple of times. He felt that same strange sense of something lacking somewhere as he had back in Dirk Segrave's smart duplex apartment. Some odd unsatisfying feeling that hit him now and then and broke up the verve of a moment.

Bernice Longworth's dinner-dance—why, a dinner-dance was nothing. But this Blair-Continental Airways. He flirted a hand at old Abijah.

"I need a million bucks," he said cheerfully. "I've got a long way to go, but what's a million bucks, great-grandpops?"

Meggs came in to tell him that a Mr. Arsdale was outside asking to see Miss Ransome. A few moments later he ushered in a man whom Jonathan recognised at once as one of the passengers who had been rescued from the Dorinda—the placid little man who had shared a carriage with him in Bermuda. Mr. Arsdale, who thought Valentine Ransome was an angel.

"Ah," he said cordially. "Mr. Arsdale! You got pulled off the Dorinda. How are you?"

Mr. Arsdale's expression at seeing this young man whom he had last glimpsed disappearing under some stairs in the customs shed was almost ludicrous. Jonathan explained that the lines had changed in control.

"I am very sorry to hear that," said Mr. Arsdale, distressed. "Er—pardon me, Mr. —"

"Blair," said Jonathan. "That's all right. I admit," he added good-humoredly, "I'm no angel."

"Your name is Blair?" said Mr. Arsdale. "Like the lines? My goodness."

Jonathan regarded little Mr. Arsdale as a boon from heaven. He was somebody to tell all about the Blair-Continental. He sat him down firmly.

"You're interested in the Blair Lines. I know, Mr. Arsdale," he said. "You're one of our boosters. Well, we're going into the air."

"The air?" said Mr. Arsdale uncertainly. "The air, no less," said Jonathan, and proceeded to warm to his subject. Mr. Arsdale became interested in this young man with rumpled hair and lively grey eyes. He spoke with the depth of feeling of a poet, but he had about him the same spontaneous action as the men who had once trekked west to build an empire. The generation that was coming up to take the places of the conquerors, dreamers, builders who led the world on.

"And," said Jonathan, pointing a positive forefinger at him, "you and your mother in future will ride in Blair-Continental Airways planes.

Don't you forget it." He grinned. "Of course, I don't know how soon. But we won't worry about that. We're on the way. I say, how about having dinner with me—oh, I forgot. I've an engagement."

Yes, Mr. Arsdale was interested. In fact, finding this young man at the helm of the Blair Lines instead of Miss Ransome stirred Mr. Arsdale's curiosity to the extent that he decided to locate Valentine. He did, on his way out, through Meggs, and dropped round to see her the next day.

"It was his line, Mr. Arsdale," she explained. "I was just holding it in—well, trust. I'm a social butterfly now," she laughed.

He looked at her with those keen black eyes of his. "There's something troubling you," he declared. "What is it, Miss Ransome?"

"Troubling me?" said Valentine. She started to laugh again, then straightened her lips. She went over to the big window of her living-room and stared out a moment. "You're right in a way. You've seen Jonathan Blair. What do you think of him?"

"A very capable and nice young man."

She nodded. "He's that. All of that. He's more. He's got brains and vision and humor and he's giving them all to a person with ash-blonde hair because she makes him feel big and masculine and capable. I'm sorry I said that, but honestly a woman can't help wondering what kind of wheels go round in the heads of these fool men."

She was silent a moment, then turned abruptly. "She's ready to give up her career for him she says. I understand. What a funny one that is. She hasn't any more of a career than my foot. But she is," Valentine added thoughtfully, "very attractive."

"Hmmm," said Mr. Arsdale. "So are you, Miss Ransome."

"No, I'm a business woman," she informed him ironically. "I wouldn't make Jonathan feel like lord of the manor. Jonathan respects me, but at a comfortable distance. He's an idiot."

"And you're in love with an idiot?"

She smiled at him.

"Well, he's a nice idiot," Mr. Arsdale looked at her meditatively.

"He's after capital for this new airway—"

Valentine nodded slowly. She stood tall and straight before him and stared past him unseeing. Or perhaps she did see something because Mr. Arsdale had a sudden idea that this modern brisk young woman was looking into the future, too.

"I know," she said. "And I want to see him get it—like anything!"

"You do?" said Mr. Arsdale gently.

"I do," said Valentine.

Mr. Arsdale nodded.

"He will," he promised.

Two weeks later the papers carried the news of the Blair-Continental Airways merger. Four great transport airlines were to be built by Jonathan Blair and put into service on the Continental's South American routes. A new South American service of the highest standard in personnel and equipment with its schedules dovetailing with arrivals and departures of the Blair Lines ships. Expansion!

Jonathan threw open Port o' Call to mark the great event. A crowd from New York was going up for an informal open house at one time or another during the week-end. He had asked Bard to come and told him to bring anybody he wanted. Bard asked Valentine if she cared to go.

Valentine did. Very much. Bravo, Jonathan Blair! She would drop up there and congratulate him—she knew how he must feel! So she went along with Bard.

"Funny," he commented, as they drove up. "That little Mr. Arsdale actually has pots of money. You'd never think it to look at him. He subscribed the additional capital Corry needed and I'll bet Corry nearly fainted."

"Heavenly days!" said Valentine. Port o' Call was blanketed in snow, but from the moment she turned in at the long rambling drive she loved the place.

Please turn to page 32



Don't worry, George—I saved the RINSO!



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I LET RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS DO ALL THE WASH, AND GIVE OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAP RUBBING THE GO-BY!

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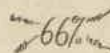
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I was shocked at the result. That cool, medicated ointment washed away the agonizing pain immediately, and healed my cracked lips in no time.

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## RUGGED, un- spoiled beauty enveloped Valentine as she gazed about her. There were hundreds of trees, a frozen little brook winding about through a grove of snow-laden evergreens, low stone walls that ran along in twist- ing segments of uneven length. And then the substantial, comfortable looking house with smoke rising from four stone chimneys.

A person really lived in a place like this, not merely existed.

They stopped before the front door. It swung open as she was getting out of the car and she saw Jonathan in tweeds, and smoking a pipe, standing there with that beautiful tawny Great Dane at his side. Bundy seemed to recognize her. He shifted guiltily and then moved to meet her, frowning awkwardly but cordially for all that, and rumbling a basso welcome.

"Seems to know you," Jonathan commented. He came out and extended a hand. "I can't bark, but let me confirm Bundy's sentiment. Hello Valentine. Greetings, Bard."

He was just as impersonal and detached as ever, she reflected. No surprise at seeing her. She'd come with Bard, and that was all it appeared to him. They went into the living-room, where a fire crackled in the immense fireplace and a great many people were lounging about in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke and clinking glasses.

Carol was there looking lovely as ever, surrounded by men, dressed smartly, poised as always.

Jonathan was very polite to Valentine. He made her feel as though he was glad that she had come, definitely blended her into the free and easy informal camaraderie of his home, and then went off to greet some other newcomers.

The company came and went

without disturbing the even tenor of the day. Valentine was restless. She hadn't come here to sit round and be amused. Accordingly she went after Jonathan.

"I have to be leaving soon," she told him, "but before I go I just want to say what a fine piece of work you put through."

"Thanks," he returned. "But I was lucky. I didn't expect it to go through for another six months."

"You have the right approach," she commented. "I hope it's the start of something—very big."

"Oh, by the way," he said, remembering. "I want you to understand why I didn't call you to any directors' meeting on this. The Blair-Continental is a separate company from the lines as far as financing and personnel goes. It's going to be in the same office, but it has its own directors and that kind of thing."

"But you're the head of both," she smiled.

"Going to try to be a good one, too," he said seriously. "I'm not a kid with a new toy."

He looked at her, started to say something more, then stopped. There had been the sudden sound of a crash from the driveway, a heavy sickening thud followed by the sound of screeching brakes. The next minute a man rushed into the living-room.

"It caught your dog, Corry—" he cried tensely.

Valentine saw him stiffen. In an instant he was on his way outside and she followed. They went out in the cold darkening air, and a sudden sob caught in her throat as she saw what had happened.

A long heavy car had evidently caught Bundy broadside and hurled him thirty feet against one of those low stone walls. The shock of the

Continued from page 30

impact had been enough to spin the car around.

Somebody was incoherently trying to tell her what happened. Bundy had seemed to be chasing something across the drive. Car going a little too fast. Terribly sorry. Felt awful.

"Accident," said Jonathan tonelessly.

He knelt in the snow by Bundy and lifted him in his arms. It was a solid limp weight, but he didn't appear to notice. He walked toward the house without a further word.

He entered by a side door and went into his study. Gently he laid Bundy upon a rug, then put a hand over his eyes and bowed his head. He suddenly knew that he was crying like a baby and he didn't care.

Something wonderful had gone out of his life—companionship and life and loyalty. Something that had lain before his bedroom door religiously night after night. Why, Bundy couldn't be gone.

He took his hand away from his eyes and was thunderstruck to see Valentine kneeling by the dog, Valentine looking grief-stricken, her lip trembling. He tried to pull himself together.

"He's gone," he said indistinctly. He would have wished that she would go away and leave them alone, but there was something in her face that made him think she was afraid he would say that very thing. She was trying to be there without intruding, trying hard.

"I know how you feel."

To his astonishment her voice was marvellously gentle. Why, that battling girl had tears in her eyes. She reached out a slim hand to touch the glossy tawny coat gently. "I love him," said Jonathan. "Had him since he was a puppy." He let out a long slow breath.

"I love him too," said Valentine. "He seemed to know you," Jonathan said, recollecting. "How—"

A tinge of color crept into the girl's cheeks. She bent her coppery head.

"I visited him in that kennel on Long Island," she said, a little confused. "I—I went out to see him a couple of times a week. He was—lonely."

"That was swell of you," said Jonathan Blair. "I feel so rotten about deserting him those times—"

"Bundy never held it against you," she assured him softly. "What you did was all right with him. He knew you loved him."

That was a very comforting thought. There was an air of sympathy and encouragement about her that lightened something round the region of Jonathan Blair's heart. She'd loved Bundy too. He started to tell her about him, when he was a puppy.

"Friend of the world when he was a puppy," he told her. "So glad to see everybody he'd roll over. Answer any whistle. That was before he learned that he belonged to me."

He went on, feeling he could tell her all about it without feeling silly, and as he talked it seemed as though he wasn't alone so much now.

And Valentine who had gone out to Long Island to visit the big friendly dog that was the only contact with Jonathan Blair felt somehow that through Bundy she'd drawn close to him. He seemed so boyish and earnest. And all the time she wondered how he could help not seeing her secret that must be in her voice, her eyes, her every breath.

Jonathan Blair, there's a girl in love with you, and she's never been in love before.

Presently she bent for one last look at Bundy, patted his side gently, stood up.

"Thanks a lot, Valentine," said Jonathan. "Thanks for everything." She left the study, left the man with his dog. "Thanks a lot, Valentine." She went to the living-room with those words accompanying her all the way.

Carol saw her come from the study and detached herself from a group to stroll over to her.

"Oh, Valentine!" she said. Valentine stopped. "Hello, Carol."

"You would seem to be rather interested in Jonathan's dog," she commented.

"Ee was a friend of mine," Valentine told her.

Carol turned her head slightly to one side and viewed her with heavily lashed enigmatical eyes.

"Love me, love my dog, as Shakespeare says?" Her voice was tinged with delicate humor.

Valentine said nothing. Carol smiled.

"I think you ought to know," she flicked the ash from her cigarette with a careless little gesture, "—that we're engaged."

Valentine heard that as if from a tremendous distance. She made an effort to keep herself steady.

"Why, I hadn't heard—"

"Not many people know," said Carol. "But I think you ought to."

"Oh—" said Valentine. She took a further grip on herself. "Congratulations, Carol."

"I need 'em," said Carol. "The job of getting Corry out of circulation was," she laughed, "his pulling teeth."

"I wish you happiness," Valentine paused a moment.

She left abruptly. Something that might have grown, a bond of understanding and mutual sympathy, had been destroyed.

Just as she felt as though she might get somewhere she rode right into a blank wall. The perfectly natural thing had happened—he was going to marry a girl who would touch off his life like a dab of whipped cream. A very lovely girl though. She couldn't blame Jonathan.

Oh, well— She found Bard.

"Let's leave," she said tensely.

"If you want to," he said in some surprise.

She walked steadily out of the house and got into the car. Bard saw her off at the station two days later.

"Look," he said, "for a long time I've known you didn't love me. But I still—"

She shook her head.

"No, you don't, Bard. I mean, not really deep down. There's a girl that you're going to fall in love with all over again, old dear."

He jammed his hands in his coat pockets.

"Burning all your bridges, aren't you, Val? Well, listen, come back soon."

She put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him. "Good-bye, Bard. You were a pal."

He saw her step aboard. She waved again as the train started to move, saw his tall figure recede in the shadows of the station. All bridges burned.

Farewell, New York. It could have meant everything to her. As it was, it meant nothing but a collection of tall buildings.

Grandfather Ransome's copper-haired granddaughter went back to Texas with empty shooting-iron.

To be concluded

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1000 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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ER, ER, I DIDN'T FEEL TOO GOOD TODAY...



YES IT WAS A NICE PARTY BUT I WONDER WHY MUM DIDN'T SHOW UP?

JOHN, I CAN'T ASK HER EVERY TIME! SOME OF THE YOUNG MOTHERS I HAD OVER TODAY ARE AWFULLY FUSSY AND, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW MOTHERS CHANGED.

### THEN THE BIG DISCOVERY



YOU'RE LUCKY! I CAN'T IMAGINE MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ASKING ME TO GO AWAY WITH THEM ON HOLIDAYS

OH, WE GET ON AWFULLY WELL TOGETHER... PASS ME OVER THE LIFEBOUY, DEAR. I WOULDN'T GO WITHOUT THAT



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WHAT ARE YOU TWO COOKING UP EH?

MOTHER AND I ARE PLANNING TO TAKE A COTTAGE TOGETHER OVER CHRISTMAS—JUST THE FAMILY

THINKS WHAT A DIFFERENT LIFE SINCE I CHANGED BACK TO LIFEBOUY!

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."



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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND EXCLUSIVE STORES

# Match for a Good Lawyer

Continued from page 9

RATHER wistfully Mr. Gardiner continued speaking more to himself. "I'm not going to live forever," he said. "I've worked hard. I want to see Tuck settled in the business. I would like grandchildren."

"It will all work out," I told him. "I don't know," he said. "Since Tuck has been here, it strikes me there's something—well, very cold about him, almost inhuman."

"Mr. Gardiner," I said softly, "that's just what people say about you."

He looked startled. "They do?" I began to laugh, and he did, too. Then he stopped. "And do you think I'm cold and inhuman?"

"Well, yes, a bit," I said. "Sometimes I'm frightened to ask you things."

"I don't feel cold inside," he said. "What do you want to ask me?" "After I get to know you better," I said. "In ten more years, perhaps. Look Mr. Gardiner, would it be a good idea if I talked with Tuck about Miss Davis?"

"I wish you would," he said. I went into Tuck's office, asked if I could borrow Miss Davis for a minute, and sent her off on an errand. Then I tackled him.

"Your father says you want a new secretary. What's wrong with Miss Davis?"

"She simply doesn't suit me. Call it incompatibility."

"What kind of secretary do you think you'd find compatible, may I ask?"

"Oh, anyone who can type and take shorthand."

"In other words, you just want to get rid of Miss Davis?"

"That's right," he said. "We had been so absorbed we didn't

notice that Mollie Davis had come back. "I just wanted to ask—" she said in a stifled voice, and then she burst into tears and ran out.

Tuck looked after her angrily. "She's too emotional!" he said. "She keeps the place in a constant state of agitation! I have to concentrate on my work. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to lunch."

It wasn't until after he'd gone that I noticed he'd forgotten his hat. I went to find Mollie. I knew she'd be in the washroom, the only spot in Gardiner, Akin, Brewer and Hallowell where a girl could shed her tears in peace. It gave me an awful lump in the throat to see this gay young creature reduced to tears.

"Oh Miss Boyd," she wailed, "what have I done wrong?" "He says you keep the place in a state of agitation."

She sat bolt upright. "I do not! I'm quiet as a mouse and I keep everything running smoothly just the way he wants it."

"Perhaps," I said, "the agitation is inside himself."

She stopped in the middle of a sob, considered the possibility, then went on crying. "Not him," she wailed. "Nothing ever bothers him."

"You're in love with him, aren't you?"

"Of course," she said simply. "Then don't give up," I told her. "Can't you think of something?"

"Oh I can think of things," she said. "You'd be surprised at the things I think up. I'm sitting there taking dictation and suddenly he says 'Take a letter, Miss Davis: Darling life without you would be grim and dull. You are the only woman I really love. Will you be mine? Love and a thousand kisses. Yours for ever, Tuck.'"

"No, really?" she cried. "He did?" "Chin up," I said. "Anything can happen."

But as the next week wore on it didn't look as if anything were going to. Mollie was given her two weeks' notice. In the meantime she had to help Tuck complete his plans for the big week-end with Cynthia—sents for the theatre on Friday night, tennis on Saturday afternoon, and Saturday night a big cocktail party before the dance.

But when Mollie came to work on the Friday morning of Cynthia's week-end, her chin was lifted up, her eyes bright with resolve. She was weari

ing a new dress and looked

more beautiful than I had ever seen her. I shamelessly lurked outside Tuck's office when she went in, to see what effect all this would have on him. It had none. He glanced at her and glanced down quickly.

"Take a memo," he said. "Enlarge on significance of National Labor Relations Board versus Hopwood Retinning Company."

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Nothing could have been further from what really happened. Mollie wasn't home crying, and Cynthia and Tuck's evening was ruined—their whole week-end, in fact.

Mollie spent the evening in gaol. The whole thing was hushed up, and the accounts in the papers were vague and inaccurate. The case when it came to court, was dismissed.

"The facts of the case are not too clear," the summing said. "A small plate-glass window was broken by the impact of a Law Dictionary, which was being carried home by defendant in her worthy ambition to improve herself in her work. But whether she threw the book through the window, as the complainant claims, or whether, as defendant maintains, she felt faint and leaned against the window, which gave way under the strain not so much of the lady, but of the dictionary, a notoriously heavy book, is not known."

I also found out later that while Miss Cynthia Featherstone was sitting in row AA at the best show in town, all done up in orchids, the seat beside her was empty, and the hastily summoned Mr. Tuckerman Gardiner, junior, was staring through bars at his secretary, who was sitting sedately behind them.

"We must get you out of here at once," he said fiercely. "Now don't be frightened."

"Oh, I'm not frightened," she said, and then added quickly, "now that you're here."

A policeman came up and tapped Tuck on the shoulder. "Did you come for the one-woman crime wave?" he asked and guffawed heartily.

Tuck turned on him furiously. "If you make one comment about Miss Davis," he said, "we will sue you for libel."

"Take it easy," said the policeman, and unlocked the cell.

Mollie jumped up and leaped out, and then said, "Oh, Mr. Gardiner, I feel faint again."

"I'll take care of you," he said. Well, from then on, according to the account I got from Mollie on Monday, everything was clear sailing. First the supporting arm, then the taxi home, and then the kiss.

"A completely unscheduled kiss," she said dreamily. "He was quite carried away."

BUTCH



"This is a stick-up! I'll take some of them hoops, Mac."

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"What happened the next day?" I demanded.

"Well, Tuck had to get together with the other lawyer and what with one thing and another it took him all day Saturday night he and Cynthia went to the dance and had a fight. He said she was most unreasonable about their week-end plans being upset and his being late for various appointments. She went home in a huff. And Sunday afternoon he came to see me about the case of course, but he stayed on and on."

"It's love," I said. "Does he know it?"

"Not yet," she said, "but he will." Then we both laughed. She said the whole thing was my idea, and thanked me, and we laughed some more, and I cried a little, too. I had to blow my nose again when I got into Mr. Gardiner's office.

He eyed me sharply. "Have you been crying?"

"No," I said. "I just had something in my eye."

He looked annoyed. "It's been a most upsetting week-end," he said. "Tuck broke off with this Featherstone girl, and she seemed a very lovely girl, very fond of him."

"Mr. Gardiner, do you care whom Tuck marries?"

"No," he said, "just as long as it's a nice girl and she loves him. That's the important thing," he said.

He was quiet for a long while and I waited.

"When you're young," he said, "you think it happens all the time. But when you're older, you realise how rare it is—the unselfish kind, the kind that lasts." He lowered his voice. "And you feel terribly grateful for it. Terribly grateful!" Then without looking at me he asked, "Why have you stayed here all these years? I must have hurt you often. You say I'm cold and inhuman and that you're afraid to ask me things."

"Mr. Gardiner," I said. "I stayed because I was happy here with you. I still am."

"Thank goodness for that," he reached and patted my hand twice. I was so startled I blurted out, "And I'll ask you that thing I wanted to. I've been wondering, do you think of me as 'Miss Boyd' or 'Lizzie'?"

"Lizzie," he said firmly. "Always." Then he looked at me and we began to laugh. "May I call you Lizzie?" he asked formally.

"You may," I said.

"And you must call me Tuckerman."

"It's time for your luncheon appointment," I said.

"Ah, yes. Thank you, Lizzie."

I just stood there after he had gone, feeling numb—and then suddenly I was as thrilled as a girl of sixteen. I noticed that for the second time in his life he'd forgotten his hat.

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

**WE'VE GOT THAT PERSIL DAZZLE!**

**It's Persil's oxygen that puts the Persil DAZZLE in ALL your wash**

**Dad has it**  
Yes! Pop's shirt has Persil dazzle PLUS! Makes old "Mr. Dirty-White" look dull as yesterday's news! Persil's gentle oxygen-charged soda give the whitest wash because they get out ALL the dirt!

**Mum has it**  
Chirps this dazzle-happy housewife: "Persil takes the frazzle out of washdays... puts in the dazzle." Persil's the best news for women since short skirts.

**Sis has it**  
Tess collects playtime grime like other kids collect foreign stamps. But Mum doesn't worry. She soon puts the Persil dazzle in that pert little print. Yes, Persil scotches school- and playground-dirt quicker than a wink!

**YOU TOO CAN HAVE THAT PERSIL DAZZLE!**

KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

## Health centres are taken for granted

IT astounds me to find that there are so many mothers who fail to appreciate the time and effort that lie behind the present high standard of Baby Health Centres in this country.

There can be no denying that the modern baby is happier and healthier than those of 25 or 30 years ago, and credit is due to all those who have devoted their time to the study of child life.

Yet constantly I am confronted by mothers who take their babies to the Health Centres (presumably because it is the accepted thing to do in these enlightened times) and dismiss lightly the advice they are given.

On numerous occasions I hear remarks such as: "I only go to the Centre to have baby weighed," or "Of course, I don't take much notice of what they tell me," or "I let baby have a dummy, but I don't tell Sister about it."

I find myself wondering why these mothers bother to go to the Baby Health Centres at all. Surely they are wasting their own and the Sister's time.

How long will it be before women of to-day realise that countless other women have fought hard for the benefits that they so carelessly accept?

The Baby Health Centres are doing a marvellous service for the community. Let us co-operate with those who are devoting themselves to helping us.

5/- to Mrs. Mary Montgomery, 40 Somerset St., Mosman, N.S.W.

# What's on your mind?

## Radio distortions

MRS. WALPOLE'S letter (19/7/47) touched on a subject dear to my heart. One night recently I was listening to a radio serial in which a bus conductor was called on to reprimand a passenger and the slovenly speech attributed to the conductor left me disgusted.

I have ridden in trams and buses for years and find that conductors are as well-educated as most men. I also had a friend who was in domestic service, and her soft, refined voice and good speech were a pleasure to hear.

5/- to Mrs. L. Higgins, Fraed St., Red Hill, Brisbane.

## Very shaggy

WHILE having lunch at a large cafeteria recently, I was interested to observe a woman with a large, shaggy dog under her arm enter and seat herself at a nearby table.



The dog sat patiently while she secured a plate and a bottle of milk, poured half for the dog, and drank the remainder herself. When the animal had finished his meal, the

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

plate was shifted to another table with a pile of other dirty dishes.

Obviously this was not the first time the pair had so dined.

I could not remove my horrified eyes from the spectacle. I only hope those dishes are very well washed.

5/- to Mrs. R. Elliott, 11 Elstree Ave., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

## A shopper replies

AS a mere man, I was much amused to read E. G. Perouini's letter (12/7/47) on parcelling problems while shopping. She calls herself a busy woman, yet admits to spending considerable time inspecting roll after roll of material, and when the counter is full of what she terms "debris" decides to make her choice. This, she says, applies to everything. What a woman!

And still she complains that time is wasted while the assistant puts away this "debris" before handing her her purchase.

I have often waited while the assistant replaced the "debris" left by such a purchaser, which is even more annoying. Does she stop to think that she has possibly left several shops in a similar condition before she finally makes her choice?

5/- to P. Harris, 58 Miller St., North Fitzroy, Vic.

## Spare the composers

THEY say there's no more room in the Statute Book for additional laws but surely the powers-that-be could manage to squeeze in just one more. It might be called "An Act to Debar All Jazz Smiths from Picking the Brains of the Great Composers." Everyone knows the trouble—it's been going on for years.

A case in point—I switched on the radio recently, heard the opening bars of a Grieg concerto, and settled back to enjoy the treat. Instead, the melody was used as an excuse for a fatuous love song.

An amendment could perhaps one day be made to the same Act to prevent the ultra-moderns from tampering with old hymns.

During a church service the number and name of some song of praise are given out and as likely as not we find the same lovely melody we heard jazzed up at the movies the night before.

5/- to John Reynolds, "Eventon," Tennyson Ave., Leura, N.S.W.

## ALFRED



"Alfred, this isn't what your father had in mind when he warned you not to let women get your money."

## Crystal sets

MUCH has been said about improving children's educational opportunities, but the Government isn't giving any encouragement to young lads showing an interest in radio.

My young son is attending high school in the city and has just made himself a small crystal set. He can only tune in to one station, but was told by an official that unless he buys a licence for it he is liable to a fine.

Why can't exceptions be made in these cases where schoolchildren are trying to learn by experiments?

5/- to Mrs. Don Sullivan, Leonora, W.A.

## Boon for boys

I HAVE often wondered why clothing manufacturers do not make boys' school caps in a showerproof material.

After one good soaking in the rain the cap has shrunk two sizes. Unless there is a smaller brother



to wear the unfortunate thing, the cap is useless. A schoolboy looks ridiculous wearing a cap that has shrunk. What about it, manufacturers?

5/- to Mrs. D. Stapleton, No. 1 The Strand, Moonee Ponds, Vic.

## Homes built by amateurs bring trouble

DURING the present acute housing shortage it seems only too apparent that many homes are being built by amateur builders and unskilled tradesmen.

To have a basin, bath, etc., installed, only a licensed plumber can be employed, but these are only minor things compared with the construction of a whole house.

Yet many amateurs are themselves building homes to live in without one thought for the fact that these buildings will probably be sold eventually to some unsuspecting person who will be buying a lot of trouble.

We saw after the last war the chaos that can result from jerry-building, but no one seems to have taken this grim example to heart. It is high time all builders were made to register to protect future home-buyers.

5/- to Miss J. Gordon, 13 Monash St., Ascot Vale, Vic.

## A man speaks on equality

THE decision to allow women to sit on juries is greatly to be commended. A further step in the right direction would be to appoint women judges.

I feel sure many women in the community would insist on more severe punishment. In cases of murder and attacks on women and children we could expect women judges to hand out deterrent punishment.

5/- to Brian McAuliffe, 1 Conway Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

★ The Dressmaker SAID "Yes madam—it-er-suits you perfectly..."



★ But she MEANT "Even a French Model couldn't make you glamorous with that blotchy skin!"

"Showing shoulders" is high fashion. Make sure yours are free from spots and blotches by using

**REXONA**  
MEDICATED SOAP

Don't be a half-way beauty... the type who cares for her face, and ignores shoulders and back. You can be lovely all-over so easily by the regular use of Rexona Soap. Rexona is specially medicated with Cadyll to clear away the impurities that cause pimples and blackheads... dull and lifeless skin. It tones up the pores—makes all of you romantic.



★ REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYLL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oil of Cedar, Camellia, Cloves, Terabinth, and Boron! Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

You'll sing for joy when you find out what tests have proved



**Pepsodent with Irium**  
makes teeth far brighter

You're bound to find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.



*for trouble-free*

**REFRIGERATION - LIGHTING**

**COOKING - HEATING - HOT WATER**



Perhaps "mother's work is never done," but it is made a whole lot lighter and pleasanter, in the country, if she is surrounded by modern kerosine-burning aids . . . especially when she always uses Pennant Kerosine.

By using Pennant only, she lengthens the life of her valued refrigerator . . . hot-water system . . . stove . . . radiator . . . and lamps. She keeps fuel cost to the lowest possible, too! That's why manufacturers of such equipment recommend Pennant Kerosine.

**PENNANT**  
HOUSEHOLD  
**KEROSENE**  
A SHELL PRODUCT

**YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL**

THE SHELL COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED (Incorporated in Great Britain)

# IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

Most people make small mistakes as they go through life, and there are very few who do not regret some incident in the past.

It is not easy to ask forgiveness if others are involved. When people have the courage to apologise, their mistake should not be held against them.

THIS letter is from a man who finds it difficult to accept an apology—and forget.

"THE girl I have been taking out played me a mean trick at a dance. Later she apologised and admitted that she had made a mistake. She wants us to start again, but I can't help thinking sometimes of the foolish position she put me in, and feel I would be lowering myself. Should we begin again, or in the future be only casual friends?"

No one is ever lowered by accepting an apology; people lower themselves only by proving too small-minded and petty to do so.

To make a mistake is human, but it requires no small measure of character to admit it and ask forgiveness. In harking back to one incident, you would be showing yourself a less admirable character than the girl you set yourself to judge.

You alone know if in the future you want to resume your former relationship or start a new one along merely platonic lines. Whatever you decide, I think you would be very foolish to let any idea of "lowering yourself" influence your decision.

Your friend has made a mistake, admitted it, and asked for your forgiveness. You would prove yourself a very ungenerous person if, at least, you did not make your decision without malice and rancor.

"I HAVE not been married long, and sometimes when talking to people I don't know if I should refer to my husband by his christian name or call him 'Mr. Brown.'"

Always speak of your husband by his christian name to people you both know and to your friends. Among strangers refer to him as "my husband," not "Mr. Brown." You should call him "Mr. Brown" only in business conversations, never among those you meet in a friendly way. Your husband should speak of you as "Mary" and "my wife."

"I LET a cigarette burn a mark on a beautiful little coffee-table at the home of someone I do not know well. My hostess did everything to put me at ease, but I feel I must do something to make amends. My husband has suggested that I ask a french polisher to go out and see what he can do. Should I do this, buy another table, or send my hostess a cheque so that she can buy one herself?"

Your husband's idea is a good one. Telephone your hostess and say that you have arranged for a french polisher to go out to look at the table and that he will call on a morning suitable to her. But make sure that he understands he is to send her his bill to you.

"I HAVE been the pen-friend of a man who claims to have fallen in love with me. He always begged me to let us meet, and recently I agreed that he should visit our town. Since then I have not heard from him. Should I try to forget him, or write and ask if he got my last letter?"

Letters do go astray, though it does not often happen. It would do no harm to write and ask if he still intends to make the visit. But you must not be too disappointed if your romantic pen-friendship comes to nothing. Writing charming letters is one thing—coming face-to-face with the girl they have been written to is another.

## When writing for advice on your problem

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen-friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"I HAVE a wedding ring, engagement ring, and eternity ring. In what order are they worn?"

It is usual for the wedding ring to be worn first, then the engagement ring, and lastly, the eternity ring, which acts as a keeper to the more valuable engagement ring.

"WHEN dining at a restaurant I find that bread rolls are nearly always served with dinner, but a knife for slicing them is seldom provided. Should they be eaten whole or crumbled?"

Bread rolls should be broken into small pieces.

"AT what age can a girl live away from her home without the permission of her parents? I am 17 now, have been unhappy at home since my early teens, and want desperately to break away and make a life for myself."

Provided they can support themselves respectably, anyone who has reached the age of 16 may legally live away from home. But by leaving the protection of her parents' roof a girl sacrifices a great deal. Consider the matter very carefully from all angles before you take such an important step.

"WE are organising a 21st birthday party and would like to know what speeches should be made, when the candles on the cake are lit, and when the cake is cut."

It is usual for the candles on the cake to be already lit when guests go in to supper.

Only one speech is necessary: It is most often made by an old friend of the family and addressed to the person celebrating the 21st birthday, who blows out the birthday candles after the speech.

"BECAUSE he doesn't want to displease his partner, my boy-friend often cancels dates with me if this man wants to discuss business matters. I understand his point of view to a certain extent, but don't see why I should always be the one to suffer."

If cancelled dates continue, you and your boy-friend will have to have a talk and reach an agreement about the time he is prepared to devote to his business and his partner and the time he is prepared to devote to you. In the meanwhile show yourself sympathetic and understanding of your young man's devotion to his career. No girl can respect a man who doesn't want to get ahead.

"SEVERAL friends have said that we should have a housewarming to celebrate moving into our new home. We would like to do whatever is expected of us, but we aren't sure what a housewarming really is. Would you please tell us what we should do?"

The word "housewarming" covers almost any sort of party you like to have. The general idea is that your friends should be given the opportunity of seeing your new home and wishing you good luck in it. Most people ask their friends to a late afternoon party, though you could just as well have an evening party with bridge or even games if your friends would enjoy that.

"AT 28 I find myself in love with a married woman. She returns my affection, but is most attached to her children. Her husband is well-off, but I have nothing, and cannot even offer her a home. Do you think it would be best for me to leave the district?"

You must see yourself that there is no possible future for you and the married woman with whom you have fallen in love. In the circumstances it would be best for you to go away and give this woman an opportunity to go back to her old life.

"THE girls I know all have boy-friends, and because I am not allowed to go out or even be friendly with boys, I feel left out of it. I am 17 and fairly serious-minded, so feel I am old enough to be friendly with the other sex."

Personally I can see no reason at all why girls of your age should not have friends among boys as well as among girls. It is natural to play tennis, go to films and parties with mixed groups of your friends. But I feel your parents are entirely wise in not wishing you to go out with just one boy.

## Fashion Frock Service

"DINAH." For summer days

This frock is fashioned from crisp American gingham in rose, blue, or green stripes on a white background. "Dinah" is either cut out for you to make or ready made up for immediate wear.

Ready to Wear. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust, 39/11 (8 coupons), 36 to 38in. bust, 43/- (8 coupons). Postage 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust, 37/4 (8 coupons), 36 to 38in. bust, 39/- (8 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra.



"DELLA." Useful and pretty

Featuring three-quarter-length bell sleeves and dropped shoulder-line. "Della" is a frock for office or shopping. The material is a cool, crisp gingham which has a white stripe on a background of green, sage, tan, or dark beige.

Ready to Wear. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust, 42/6 (8 coupons), 36 to 38in. bust, 46/- (8 coupons). Postage 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only. Sizes: 32 to 34in. bust, 39/6 (8 coupons), 36 to 38in. bust, 42/11 (8 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra.

N.B. When ordering Fashion Frocks "Della" or "Dinah," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: \* Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. \* State size required. \* For children's patterns state age. \* Use box numbers given on this page. \* C.O.D. orders are not accepted.



No. 899.—THE SWEETEST SET FOR BABY

An attractive little outfit for your cherub. It consists of a frock, slip, and matinee jacket traced ready to cut out and make in either woolen twill mixture or rayon crepe-de-chine.

The frock and jacket have matching scalloped yokes traced ready to embroider. The woolen twill mixture is in cream only, and rayon crepe-de-chine in white only.

Sizes: Frock—18in. length, 10/6 (woolen twill); 12/6 (rayon crepe-de-chine), 2 coupons. Slip—17in. length, 1/6 (woolen twill); 1/6 (rayon crepe-de-chine), 2 coupons. Postage 8/6d extra.

Matinee Jacket: Slip—16in. length, 4/11 (woolen twill); 5/11 (rayon crepe-de-chine), 2 coupons. 17in. length, 5/11 (woolen twill); 6/11 (rayon crepe-de-chine), 2 coupons. Postage 8/6d extra.

Full Set: Sizes—Infants (18in. length), 21/11 (woolen twill), 24/11 (rayon crepe-de-chine), 17in. length (6 to 12 months), 24/11 (woolen twill), 28/6 (rayon crepe-de-chine), 7 coupons. Postage 10/6d extra.

No. 900.—PRINCESS FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL. The attractive frock is traced on good, washable cotton in shades of rose, dark sky, green, and maize.

Sizes: 20in. length (approx. 4yrs.), 7/11 (3 coupons); 22in. length (approx. 5yrs.), 8/11 (3 coupons); 24in. length (approx. 6yrs.), 9/11 (3 coupons). Postage 8/6d extra.

N.B. When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

## INTERSTATE OFFICES

SEND your order for Fashion Frock and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17) or by post.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 105C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 400P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. Tasmania: Box 155C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z. Box 508W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — August 23, 1947

Page 37

HILLCASTLE HAIR PENCIL quickly removes traces of grey hair — simple to use — lasts and lasts — 7 Colours.



# Rheumatic Pains?

## QUICK, SAFE RELIEF WITH ANACIN

There is no need for you to suffer agony from rheumatic pains. While your doctor is getting at the cause, take Anacin for quick and safe relief.

**AMAZING SPEED!**—Anacin tablets work at an amazing speed. Every tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients—that's one more than any other anti-pain remedy. And, it's the action of an extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter.

# ANACIN

REGISTERED TRADE MARK



Because they work so fast, two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders and tablets. So—Anacin is cheaper in the long run, as well as being more effective.



## THINK THIS OVER!

The longer you use the same ordinary pain remedy the less effect it has on your system. Doctors advise a change for faster relief. Your chemist has Anacin in packets of 12, tins of 30 and bottles of 50 and 100. Get some now!



Two bring fast relief

# ANIMAL TEETH

## GREW IN MAN!

IN 1885 EUROPEAN ARCHAEOLOGISTS DISCOVERED THE SKULL OF A MAN, WHO LIVED ABOUT 500 B.C., WITH A FULL SET OF ANIMAL'S TEETH FIRMLY FIXED IN THE JAWS!

## BLACKENED TEETH FOR BEAUTY!

PELEW ISLANDERS (NEAR PHILIPPINES) CHEWED THISTLE AND SHELL CHALK TO BLACKEN THEIR TEETH YOUR ATTRACTIVENESS DEPENDS ON WHITE SPARKLING TEETH. REMOVE DULL STAINS WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS BRINGS LUSTRE TO YOUR SMILE — FRAGRANCE TO YOUR BREATH

## SHOCKING REVELATION!

AMERICAN DENTIST DR. F. VAN MINDEN DECLARES THAT CERTAIN METALS USED IN FILLINGS CAUSE TINY ELECTRIC SHOCKS RECURRING EVERY FEW MINUTES!

## Teeth with a Brilliant Future!

SHE'S USING KOLYNOS — THAT MEANS A BRILLIANT FUTURE FOR HER TEETH. AS EARLY AS THE AGE OF TWO CHILDREN SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO USE KOLYNOS AND TAKEN TO THE DENTIST REGULARLY!

## MORE BAWBEES FR'YR POCKET!

WHILE KOLYNOS CLEANS AND PROTECTS YOUR TEETH IT SAVES YOU MONEY GOES TWICE AS FAR BECAUSE ITS CONCENTRATED. HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY!

# I'm having my First

By NOELINE MORRISON

ONCE upon a time when you came forth with the whispered announcement that you were expecting a "Little Stranger in the Family" the girls gushed with delight, and the boys rushed the father-to-be with beers.

But in these days of short-ages, unhappy accommodation, and the possibility that a Little Stranger may be anything but welcome to the couple concerned, friends tread a little warily before offering wild congratulations.

Gushing is definitely limited, and if there's any shouting of drinks some of the boys are celebrating their own fortunate escape from family responsibilities rather than Pop's impending fatherhood.

Like many of our married friends, Pete and I live in a small, one-room flat, we both work, but just to make us unique in the circle we are expecting our first baby in December.

Pete was slapped on the back by the boys at work and consoled with "Bad luck, old chap. Never mind, phrase everything will work out for the best."

I found the girls just as sympathetic.

"But, darling, how ghastly! How on earth will you and Pete manage? You must be dreadfully upset."

I wasn't in the least upset, I assured them; in fact, I was very happy about it and so was Pete.

Blithely ignoring the commiserations of kind friends, we are plunging happily into plans for the inclusion of a baby in our life.

Certainly our nursery accommodation at the moment is nil, but we've got a breathing spell ahead in which to remedy this, and being hopelessly Micawberish types at that, we think we'll succeed.

As for our economic status, it might not be quite what it should be for the putting out of any welcome mat—at least not in the eyes of friends who look like spending their lives deciding on an economic status to justify parenthood—but we're not worried.

Pete and I are not exactly on the headline, but although we will have to face budgeting sacrifices we somehow feel they'll be worth while in the fun of having a baby around.

And babies, we maybe naively believe, are fun.

Not that we've ever been expansively crazy about them en masse, nor exactly enthusiastic about ALL of their eccentricities, but our vulnerability to their individual attacks has at times been only too complete. Maybe it was just the toothless grin of a six-months-old turned suddenly and surprisingly in our direction or the sight of a 12-months-old turning his wet-rumped rear contemptuously on us and staggering off down the beach.

Growing babies and kids are the human race in perfect miniature, and for this reason alone must provide parents with any pretence to

an interest in people and things with inexhaustible amusement and absorption.

All of which, I hope, doesn't sound as though Pete and I expect to scream with laughter every time our kid gurgles, or sit by its cot for hours dangling a disconcerting microscope and jotting down scientific data on its hiccup.

We've no doubt there'll be countless times when we'll be harking wistfully back to our nonparental days, but on the whole we feel we'll get a tremendous kick out of just being around while a baby grows into a kid and then into a worse, or we hope, better addition to mankind.

At present, however, there is no baby, and while Pete is left with his feeling of "vague liaison with some future drama concerning a midnight hospital dash," I am left with the diversions of the waiting period and a few secret daydreams of what the baby will be like.

The dreams aren't elaborate. I hope the kid will be healthy and happy, and in my selfish love of Pete—and not of what would perhaps be best for humanity—I hope he or she will be a second Pete all over again.

In between the dreams I am coping with the reality of an expanding figure, mothercraft and diet data, and the fact that having weathered the early months of nausea I can now find no further excuse for putting off the knitting and sewing of little garments.

Ideas of taking the easy way out and buying the layette complete with all those picturesque pointers—rosebuds, daisies, smocking and appliqued chickens and ducks—were squashed after just one round of baby-wear counters.

Even pruned of rosebuds and daisies, quality and quantity of the clothes was out of all proportion to my income.

However, some supply of knitted is essential, I'm told, and, plodding courageously through a baby-wear book the other day, I did find quite a simple pattern for booties.

The pattern was practically hidden from sight among a great flock of pink and blue storks decorating the page.

The intrusion of these storks in an otherwise quite intelligently presented knitting book is, I consider, the last straw in what is apparently an appalling tendency on the part of misguided people to treat the expectant mother as a cross between a backward child and a strait-jacket sanatorium case.

In my early weeks I was a sucker for reading anything and everything pertaining to prevailing conditions



My revision was great at such worded advice as "Now we must take every care of ourselves at this very precious time, mustn't we, and we must never, never do anything that might harm our little blessing." or "It is naughty to become depressed. We must say to ourselves each day that this is a lovely, lovely day, and I am going to have a lovely, lovely baby."

Faced of the baby talk some of the advice was quite helpful, but why present it in such kindergarten patter that Mum ends up with the conviction that SHE'S being expected, NOT junior.

In pleading a sanity case for the expectant mother, I might as well explode a few other maternity myths in current popularity.

We are not subject to wild and fanciful whims leading to almost indecent gorging of certain fruits, vegetables or sweets.

Believe it or not, our diet on the whole, like our general I.Q., is quite normal.

Also, we are not more emotionally sensitive at this time than others, and we do not get an ethereal look in our eyes in the early months.

That so-called ethereal look, far from being engendered by thoughts of higher realms, is down to earth evidence of nausea. Take a good peek at the eyes of a sea-sick victim

I made a round of the baby-wear counters . . .

and you'll get the same glazed "out of this world" look.

As for the emotions being in top gear, well, I for one thoroughly enjoy a good cry at the best of times, but I can't remember having had one for months.

Another bit of debunking I feel I must do concerns a belief that clothes designers have at last got around to making out a smart, fashionable maternity wear case for the expectant mother.

Most of the maternity frocks I've seen are shapeless, unsightly things, drooping depressingly here and there and fitted with frightening tapes, tabs, double fronts, false backs, and what have you.

The sales talk of one woman, "But, Madam, if you buy these frocks now you can wear them right through to the end," far from buoying me up, sent me fleeing from their sight.

I am by no means at the end, as it seems to be generally referred to, and I have no intention of giving that impression until the end is in sight.

I did find one youngish salesgirl whose sympathies lay entirely on my side.

"It's such a shame, too, dear," she confided. "Now take Janet Gaynor.

She wore such lovely clothes all the way through, and I believe YOU COULDN'T TELL, even right at the end.

"Of course, her husband, Adrian—he's the famous Hollywood designer, you know—designed them.

"And take Bette Davis. She was working on the set till almost her time, and you couldn't tell."

We agreed that a husband like Adrian would come in pretty handy at a time like this, but as I felt, I hardly had the right to throw that up at Pete. I passed on to the paper pattern department.

At the mention of "Maternity Wear," the salesgirl glanced quickly around to see if other customers busy with spring styles had overheard me, then dived down under the counter and surreptitiously produced three paper patterns.

They were, as I feared, originals of the tapes-and-tabs numbers I had seen.

I left them on the counter, and, joining the women around the spring-styles catalogues, selected myself a few snappy patterns, which, with a little adjustment, should do me very nicely, at least until I near THE END.

At which stage I shall probably snail-crawl unwillingly back to the Maternity Department, and, shrinking under the obvious triumph of the saleswoman, submit to a gidget-frock initiation ceremony in the fitting-room.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



JANE BARRETT, English star, who will arrive soon in Australia to play the feminine lead opposite Chips Rafferty in the Ealing production, "Eureka Stockade." In addition to her film work she has appeared in more than 2000 radio sessions for the B.B.C. She is engaged to Danish artist Hans Helweg.

# Hard work and no glamor for starlets

## Strict training at English film school

By BILL STRUTTON in London

Many a romantic young English girl dreaming of overnight film stardom would wake with a shock if a producer really decided she was the girl he was seeking to make into a star.

The first thing the huge J. Arthur Rank organisation does when it discovers a newcomer as star material is to pick her up gently and shake the stardust out of her eyes.

There are no parties and no fan mail for months—maybe years.

THE candidate for stardom is sent to school with an allowance of ten pounds a week and a few weeks' rations.

The school is called "The Company of Youth," and to the horror of its teachers (but the secret delight of its starlet pupils) newspapermen have taken to calling it Rank's "Charm School."

Its proper name does sound a little earnest.

There, back at school, the new starlet meekly accepts reproaches when she falls to dreaming of a mink coat, and usually suffers the humiliation of being told in front of others that her accent is terrible. She loses her illusions and her self-consciousness very quickly.

"The Company of Youth" is now two years old and is responsible for most of the new faces now appearing on the British screen.

Patrick Holt, formerly a young

British colonel in Burma, came back to school, and as a result won feature roles in "The October Man" with John Mills and in "The Mark of Cain" opposite Sally Gray.

Maxwell Reed, the tall, dark, strikingly handsome hero of "Dear Murderer" and "The Brothers" (in which he co-starred with Patricia Roc), was the company's earliest white hope.

Hazel Court, who now has a string of films behind her, including "Holiday Camp" and "Meet Me at Dawn," started her career there.

They all had to sit on forms, stand up to recite their pieces, and listen hard when the principal, Molly Terraine, gestured and mimed and drilled them in the art of acting before the camera.

I visited "The Company of Youth" at its studios in Highbury this week.

In one room a number of pretty young girls and handsome lads, mostly teen-agers, sat round in a circle, while their teacher, a portly, motherly woman, had them intoning the alphabet.

This was the "Breathing Class." In addition, their curriculum includes movement and mime, fencing, accent, correction, play reading, script study, rehearsing of excerpts, remedial exercises, and diction.

The first three months at the Rank "Company of Youth" is called quaintly, but with some accuracy, the "purdah period," because not until after that time are the starlets allowed into the wider and more exciting world where actual films are made, and where they can meet producers, directors, and stars, and maybe be allowed to walk on in a bit part themselves.

Grooming also includes posing for publicity shots in ultra-formal evening clothes or gay beachwear, taking on a job as a star's stand-in to see how they work, and sometimes acting as usherettes at some large and glittering charity premiere of a new film.

If the pupils can garner experi-

enough to please the many people to whom Joe Palooka has become a more important part of their daily newspaper reading than its front page cables on world progress.—Empire; showing.

### ★ STRANGE WOMAN

As a scheming, ruthless woman in United Artists' release of a story by Ben Ames Williams, Hedy Lamarr has a chance to do more than look as beautiful as ever. She is improving as an actress, and though her three men victims are a pretty spineless lot she holds the story together. Jenny Hager, ambitious beauty of an 1890 mining town, marries the town's richest man, then induces her stepson to kill him, as she has fallen in love with her best friend's fiancé.

The three men concerned are Louis Hayward, George Sanders (badly miscast), and Gene Lockhart.

The period wardrobe provided for Miss Lamarr adds considerably to the interest of her role.

Musical background to the film is overpowering at times.—Mayfair; showing.



MOLLY TERRAINE, director of J. Arthur Rank's "Company of Youth," a school for promising film players, watches students Zena Marshall and Shaun Noble go through a love scene.

ence on the way by acting in some small repertory company they are gladly let off from school for the richer experience of actual work on the stage.

For this reason Arthur Rank has interests in a small repertory company at Worthing.

Each month Molly Terraine sends in a "school report" on the progress of each pupil.

In addition to acting as stand-ins and gathering practical experience on the stage of some small theatre, many of Molly Terraine's "children" will be drafted into roles in Highbury Studios, which have just opened into production of second feature films as a new branch of film magnate's Rank's activities.

Currently, John Stone, a square-jawed, fair-haired, talented young actor, whose monthly reports are sprinkled with high praise, is co-starring there opposite Ealing star Jane Barrett—the girl chosen for the role of Alicia Dunne in Australia's "Eureka Stockade"—in a period comedy called "Colonel Bogey."

How are pupils for stardom chosen?

There are now 22 studying under the teachers of "The Company of Youth," and a large majority of them had previous experience before being found by talent scouts.

Rarely does a letter accompanied by a photograph sufficiently convince the casting bureau of the vast Rank organisation that the applicant is sufficiently keen or capable for films.

### Advices stars

SO great is principal Molly Terraine's reputation for coaching among film producers—she comes from a theatrical family and has played every sort of role herself—that she is often called in to groom a prospective star in a particular film part, or even for a film test.

At present she is down at Denham, spending all her time by the side of young Jean Simmons, who though she has never played Shakespeare before, is appearing as Ophelia to Sir Laurence Olivier's Hamlet.

Molly, the small, vital mother of a 20-year-old daughter herself, has already seen the graduation of many of her starlets to feature roles and even star status.

Tiny, honey-blond Carol Marsh went from her classrooms straight to stardom in "Brighton Rock" opposite Richard Attenborough.

Tall, glamorous Sonia Holm is an example of an actress who has "arrived" through "The Company of Youth."

Firstly, she got a small part in Peter Ustinov's "Top Secret," then a slightly larger role in Ealing's "The Loves of Joanna Godden," and, currently, a "plum" part in Gainsborough's "Rescuee."

Other graduates from "The Company of Youth" gradually being worked into British films are blonde Susan Shaw, who features in Gainsborough's "Miranda" and Anatole de Gruenwald's "Bond Street"; hefty character actor Andrew Crawford, who is featured in "The Brothers" and "Dear Murderer."

## Film Reviews

### ★★★ SONG OF LOVE

TO translate on to the screen some impression of the musical genius and personal lives of one woman and three men is a big job, but MGM have done it with impeccable taste. Pianist Clara Schumann and composers Robert Schumann, Johannes Brahms, and Franz Liszt are the four people concerned.

Katharine Hepburn as Clara gives what this reviewer considers to be the best performance of her career. Sensitive, and glowing with warmth and affection, Clara is magnificent throughout. Paul Henreid as Schumann, who fights the losing battle against ill-health, is dignified and believable, while Robert Walker as a youthful Brahms, cherishing his hopeless love for Clara, almost reaches the heights set by the more experienced stars.

Henry Daniell is Liszt.

As familiar excerpts of the composers are heard (played by Arthur Rubinstein, but fingered by the stars), the liberties taken with the story of their lives can be forgiven.

The film is one of rare beauty, with its subservience and homage paid to some of the world's most lovely music.—Liberty; showing.

### ★★★ THE HUCKSTERS

MGM have made considerable concessions to the censor in their adaptation of Frederic Wakeman's biting satire on modern radio advertising. Clark Gable and English Deborah Kerr are co-starred. More emphasis is placed on their love story than on the machinations of the overpowering head of the Beaufee Soap firm, and in this lies the weakness of the film.

Gable will still hold his fans, though at times he fails to make the part of cynical advertising agent Victor Norman sharp enough. Miss Kerr looks lovely, but in pre-

senting Kay Dorrance as too shyly nervous she presents a strange portrayal of a modern young matron.

Best scenes are those in the boardroom of the Beaufee Soap Company, where old man Evans (played in grandiloquent and convincing style by Sydney Greenstreet) indulges in his petty tyranny over hard-headed business men and women.

They ponder to his swollen vanity because of his enormous yearly expenditure on radio advertising. Director Jack Conway has given the film a terrific punch in these sequences. Adolphe Menjou as advertising agent Kimberly and Edward Arnold as radio performers' agent Dave Laah are perfectly cast.

Keenan Wynn's superb characterization of a brash stage comedian who aspires to radio fame is outstanding.

Ava Gardner as singer Jean Ogilvie is rapidly developing into an actress who does not have to depend only on her beauty.

The author's shrewd exposure of the worst side of commercial broadcasting will gain the amused interest of the public.—St. James; showing.

### ★★★ GREAT EXPECTATIONS

THE skill and wit with which director David Lean has interpreted Dickens on the screen make this film an easy winner over any other previous motion picture presentation of a Dickens classic.

Released through Fox, the film throws limelight on two young people, Jean Simmons and Anthony Wagner. Teen-age Jean plays Estella in childhood and she is perfectly at ease as a pert and impish mixx. Anthony Wagner, who is Pip in school days, is a screen find. John Mills and Valerie Hobson take over the roles of Pip and Estella later, and they do well, but as so often happens in British films it is the long list of perfect character studies which hold attention. Freda Thatcher as

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

Mrs. Gargery, Finley Currie as the convict Magwitch, Marita Hunt as Miss Havesham, Francis L. Sullivan as lawyer Jaggers are only a few who lend authenticity to a Dickens story which has life and realism.—Esquire; showing.

### ★ NEW ORLEANS

BASED partly on fact, United Artists' release of the story behind the birth of jazz music is better than average entertainment. This is due to the music of negro trumpeter Louis Armstrong and his surprisingly good acting. Stars of the show are Arturo De Cordova and Dorothy Patrick, but they have little hope of competing against Armstrong and his band. De Cordova is slightly more animated than usual as the New Orleans gambler who migrates to Chicago and New York and ends up, controlling an agency for jazz bands. Miss Patrick is a Southern heiress with musical ambitions which have to stand up against parental opposition. She does a very good job. Negress blues singer Billy Holiday joins with Louis Armstrong in putting over special numbers written by Louis Alter and Eddie De Lange. Woody Herman also appears briefly.—Empire; showing.

★ GENTLEMAN JOE PALOOKA FOLLOWERS of American comic strip character Joe Palooka have their chance to see a film version of his adventures, with the added attraction of having Australian Joe Kirkwood Junior in the title role. Monogram made the film and starred Kirkwood, with Elyse Knox as Anne Howe and Australian comedian Leon Errol as Joe's manager, Knobby Walsh.

No one has to act much, and there are fights and free-for-all melees.



KARIN BOOTH, attractive young newcomer to MGM, models a beautiful evening frock in which floral satin is combined with opalescent beading thickly encrusted on to a yoke of the satin.



MARIE McDONALD insisted that her nickname of "The Body" should be dropped when she began work for MGM with Gene Kelly in "Living in a Big Way." Her simple peasant blouse with matching skirt is part of her wardrobe for the film.



HEDY LAMARR gets a dramatic effect with this white legionnaire hat. A black jet eagle on her hat is as barbaric as the heavy gold necklace on her black velvet frock.



MEDIEVAL PAINTINGS inspired a designer to create the purple halo hat with its sequined edge and heavy draping for Hedy Lamarr, who will wear it in the United Artists film "Dishonored Lady."



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Patient: "But why should I have Rheumatism, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, Rheumatism can be caused by two things: an injury to a joint or muscle or by an accumulation of poisons in the blood stream which is a condition we call toxemia. Thousands of people like yourself, in the last few years, have over-worked and neglected their health, letting poisons collect in the blood stream so that the ranks of sufferers from Rheumatism have increased enormously."

Patient: "But, Doctor, how do these poisons accumulate?"

Doctor: "Your blood is constantly flowing through your kidneys to be purified from uric acid and other poisons. If your kidneys fail to do this, these poisons circulate back through your body and collect in the muscles and joints, causing the aches and pains that most people call Rheumatism."

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the crippling poisons from your blood stream that are the cause of Rheumatic aches and pains; your kidneys are cleansed and strengthened and you get a new feeling of good health and energy.

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X-Ray of shoulder joint where uric acid accumulates

**MENTHOIDS  
for Rheumatism**

## SONG OF LOVE



**1 FAMILY QUARREL** between Professor Wieck (Leo Carroll) and his brilliant pianist daughter Clara (Katharine Hepburn) occurs when she plays music of unknown composer Robert Schumann (Paul Henreid), whom she loves.

### Life story of Robert Schumann

**CO-STARRING** Katharine Hepburn and Paul Henreid for the first time, MGM's film includes music by Schumann, Brahms, and Liszt. The music is played by Arthur Rubinstein, but Katharine Hepburn studied for many hours to finger convincingly the difficult role of the celebrated pianist Clara Schumann, although in real life she is an experienced and talented player. Special lessons were given to Miss Hepburn by Rubinstein's only pupil, Laura Dubman, who also acted as technical adviser for the concert sequences.

Henreid has his most ambitious film role to date as the brilliant composer.



**3 WITH GROWING FAMILY,** Clara and husband welcome young student Brahms (Robert Walker) as guest.



**2 DEFYING HER FATHER,** who says Schumann is unreliable, Clara marries composer and gives up her career.



**4 FAILING HEALTH** makes Schumann melancholy, but Brahms asks Liszt (Henry Daniell) to arrange concert.



**5 PLANNING CONCERT** with Schumann as conductor of his own music, Brahms, torn between respect for him and love for Clara, tells Clara he cannot remain in their home and must leave.



**6 DURING RECITAL,** which starts successfully, Schumann suffers complete mental breakdown and cannot continue. Clara takes up her own career again.

**British Chief**

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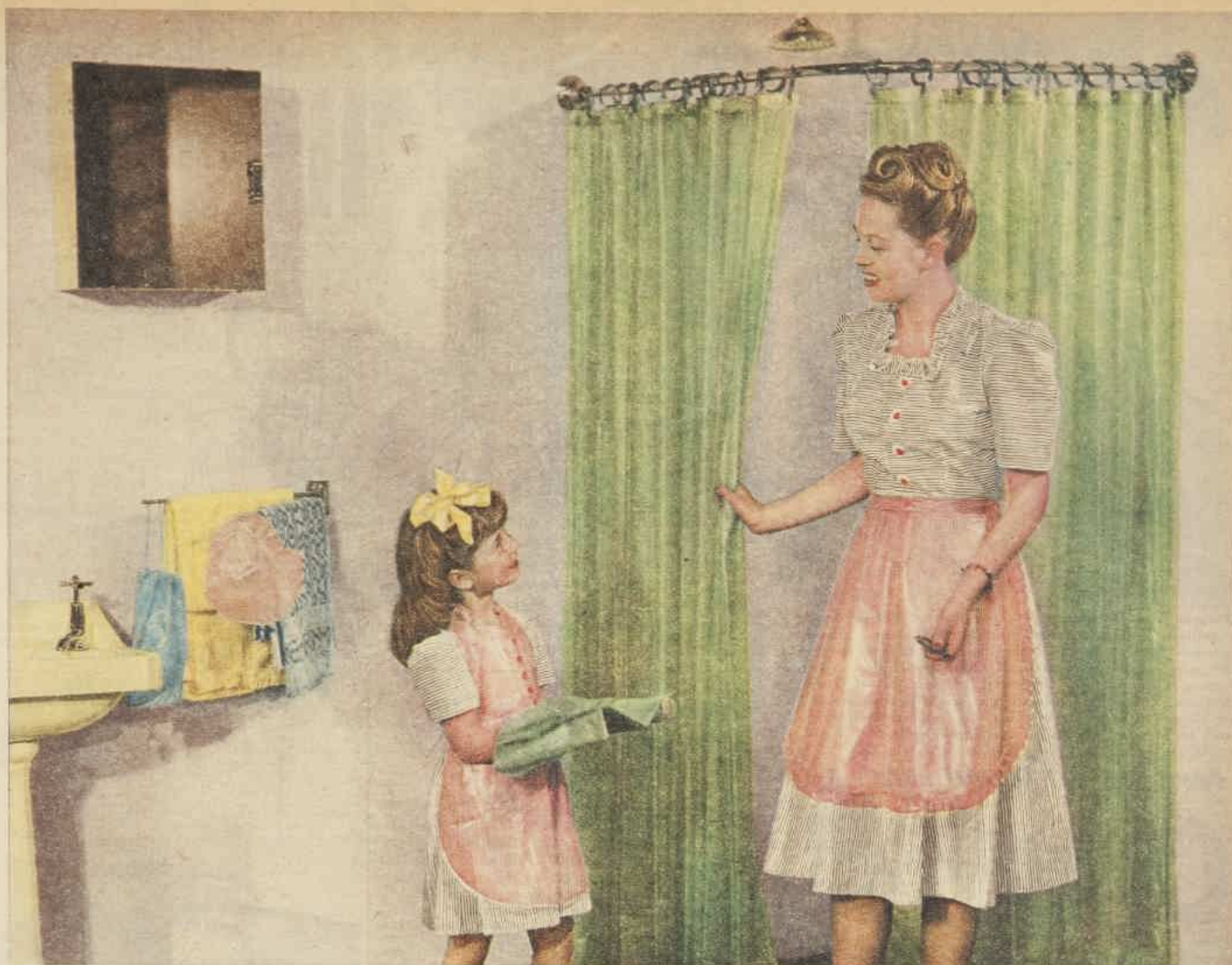
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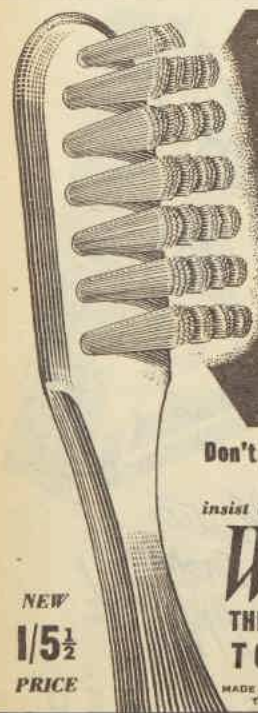
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ABOVE: View of the house from the garden at the rear.

Interior in . . .

## PASTEL COLORS

● Pictures on this and opposite page show views of the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ryan, of Yarradale Road, Toorak, Melbourne. Interior color scheme is in pastel shades.



MASTER BEDROOM is in orchid-pink and lilac. The wall-to-wall carpet matches perfectly the lovely lilac-tinted walls. Bedspread, padded bedhead, sofa, and window drapes are of orchid satin.



HALL and cocktail bar (left) from the landing. Carpet is lilac with apple-blossom-tinted walls and painted furniture; stools are covered in pale blue fabric.

## Home nursing

By MEDICO

"DOCTOR, do you think I should have a nurse for Helen when we take her from the hospital?" Mrs. Ritchie asked. "I'd like to look after her myself, but I've no experience of home nursing, and she must have every care."

Helen was convalescing from pneumonia. "You're a practical, sensible woman, Mrs. Ritchie, and home nursing for convalescents is little more than commonsense, plus a little imagination and kindness. There's no reason why you shouldn't take care of Helen yourself. I'll give you a few hints that will be helpful."

"I wish you would, doctor."

"First of all, select a suitable room, one that is airy without being too draughty. Remove any unnecessary furniture, especially heavy hangings that obstruct the air or the sunlight."

"Put a table beside the bed where she can have a few things handy. For a bed table, knock the top, bottom, and one side from a kerosene-case or fruit-box."

"Have as good a stock of clean linen as possible, and change the sheets and pillow-cases as often as you can. Fresh linen, a fresh nightgown, and ribbon in her hair always makes a patient feel fresh."

"Oh, I know. There's nothing so depressing as dingy or crumpled sheets, and a feeling one looks a wreck. What about her medicine, doctor?"

"Before you give a dose of medicine, read carefully the instructions on the bottle label. Don't trust to household spoons to measure medicine. Use a graduated measure, which is accurate. Don't leave the medicine where Helen can get at it."

"Keep the thermometer out of her way, too, and when you're taking her temperature, don't forget to shake down the thermometer beforehand. Wash the

thermometer in a cupful of cold water each time before you use it. Keep her quiet at first.

"Restrict her visitors, and put a limit on the length of time they stay. Tell them they can only stay ten minutes. Put a chair at the side of the bed facing the pillow so that Helen can talk to her visitors without turning round."

"Keep the bed free from crumbs and be ready to change Helen's position frequently, and make sure she is comfortable."

"Rub her back with methylated spirit and talc twice a day to stimulate the circulation."

"There . . . I think that little lot, coupled with your own good sense, should equip you to nurse Helen very well, now that she is out of danger."

[All names in this article are fictitious.]



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THE DEN opens off both hall and lounge. Windows frame a glorious view. Here the carpet is chocolate-brown, walls and painted furniture chartreuse. The same color is introduced into the emerald-green upholstery and cushion covers. Color scheme by interior decorator Reg. Riddell.

## Teach baby to speak well

By SISTER MARY JACOB,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

A PROFESSOR of English denouncing the insidious growth of baby talk emphasised the fact that more grown-ups than children indulged in it.

Baby talk is retained by a child only when it is taught to do so, or when the child wishes to remain an infant in speech and behaviour for some reason. Jealousy of a new baby may be the cause, and the object to attract the mother's attention.

The same professor made it clear that a child would learn to speak correctly if it had the opportunity.

Children are natural mimics and will copy any speech defect they hear—even lisping and stuttering.

Stuttering is often found in the highly sensitive and nervous type of child and if not overcome early can prove a serious handicap.

If a child stutters badly it is always advisable to get expert advice as early as possible, although parents can do a great deal to give the child confidence.

As speech is our chief means of adjustment to others as we go through life, it is the duty of parents to see that children are taught early to speak easily and fluently.

A leaflet describing some speech defects can be obtained by writing to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, N.S.W. and enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.



"IT'S THE BEST investment I've made since baby's arrival," says Mrs. L. H. Kneil, of Market Street, Drummoyne, pictured above with baby Graham snug and secure in The Australian Women's Weekly baby carrier. The carrier, available from our pattern department in off-white or with blue, beige, or grey strappings, costs only 15/6. If ordering by mail please add 5/6 postage or 6/6 for registration (see address page 37.)

## Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Headaches, Nervousness, Stomachaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by attacking cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store.

**Cystex**

The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

## HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

TICKLING COUGH?

Tackle the tickle with a trickle of HEARNE'S



Who says hand embroidery is hard to wash?

asks Aunt Jenny



Mrs. Buckley, of 522 Seaview Road, Henley Beach, South Australia, says it's as easy as winking when gentle Velvet Soap is on the job.

"I'M SO PROUD OF MY SWISS FROCK," writes Mrs. Buckley. "It's lemon voile, embroidered in Switzerland in December, 1930. I've worn it for fifteen summers now, washed it time and time again—and you can see from the photo it's still lovely, thanks to Velvet Soap!"

"I HAVE FOUR CHILDREN (the boys were too shy to be photographed) and a big house to look after," continues Mrs. G. Buckley. "When my two sisters and I married, Mother made sure we used Velvet from the start. I'm never without a bar of Velvet in my home."

(Original letter on our files.)



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS

—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn-out because they've been hard-rubbed. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weave!

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP

—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.



"AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

V148.26

Mummy Loves D



LOOK WHAT LITTLE WILLIE'S DOING!...

Bless his little heart—what he needs is a blackboard—and you need Wesco Kalsomine!

When walls (and ceilings) get dull and marked, choose one of Wesco's 20 Modern Pastel shades and have your rooms painted to perfection—with a velvety smooth surface that won't rub or fade.

IN 20 SHADES

**WESCO KALSUMINE**

THE PERFECT WALL FINISH





IT'S NO USE HANGING 'ROUND A DOOR THAT'S BEEN SLAMMED IN YOUR FACE, PAL! NO USE ME HANGING 'ROUND, EITHER!

NOW HOLD IT THERE! WHAT'S GONE WRONG? WHY ARE BOTH YOU AND MADGE DROPPING ME LIKE A HOT POTATO?

...YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY BRIGHT, BUT I'LL PUT YOU RIGHT! BAD BREATH MAKES YOU TOO BAD A RISK FOR ME TO HANDLE...THE MAN YOU SHOULD SEE IS YOUR DENTIST!

YOU RECKON? I'LL TAKE THE TIP!



LATER - THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

ONCE AGAIN - THE WINNING TEAM - ME AND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! NICE WORK!

HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID...

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH ORIGINATING THE MOUTH!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOUR!



"HERE'S WHY: COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS AN ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM THAT GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH - HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND SO REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MUCH UNPLEASANT BREATH. AND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM'S SOFT POLISHING AGENT CLEANS ENAMEL THOROUGHLY, GENTLY, SAFELY!"

**PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TWICE A DAY AND BEFORE EVERY DATE!**

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH





NO FADE. NO CREASE  
NO SHRINK...

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

STOCKS ARE LIMITED—  
PLEASE BE PATIENT

## Drink Craving Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrazy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 30 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

Price 20/- Full Course  
Dept. W, EUCRAZY CO.  
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

# CHEST COLDS DRAWN OUT WITHOUT DRUGS

★ Apply a warming, soothing pad of Wawn's Wonder-Wool to your chest and back, and settle down for a good night's rest.

While you sleep, the deep-penetrating medicinal essences in Wawn's Wonder-Wool are absorbed by the skin. They create an INNER HEAT which stimulates the blood circulation in the affected tissues, reduces inflammation, and quickly loosens up congestion.

Ensure a quick painfree recovery, use

## WAWN'S WONDER WOOL

Sold everywhere at 2/6 a packet;  
Family size, 3 times quantity, 6/6.

HAVING decided which spectacle-frame colors will do the most for your wardrobe, make sure the same colors harmonise with your skin tones for glamor voltage.

## GLAMOR GLASSES

● When Dorothy Parker wrote her famous quip, "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses," it was true. But it isn't now.

THOSE were the days when people wore glasses because they had to, with a curse on the fate that gave them imperfect vision.

The only alternative was to "wear" them in the pocket or handbag, consequently failing to recognise friends, tripping over doorsteps, and accepting headaches as inevitable.

Either way they missed out. Morale was impaired in the first instance. The pocket wearers just about ruined their sight.

It isn't so any more. Nowadays we wear glasses for three distinct and separate purposes. First for their therapeutic value, and this is the undisputed domain of the eye doctor and optician; then because they flatter facial contours, a decision upon which the wise woman will permit herself to be advised by the optician; finally to add spice to the wardrobe, and here individual color sense and feeling for clothes takes a bow.

It is on the two latter points I propose to concentrate.

The metamorphosis of spectacles really began before the war, when it was considered quite advanced to match glass frames to the hair or to the eyes. Amber or light tortoiseshell frames for the blonde, or blue frames for blue eyes; dark horn frames to accentuate brown eyes and brunette hair.

That idea was good as far as it went, but since the development of the newer materials—clear and flecked plastics, lucite, light metals, and lacquered woods—the ceiling has lifted right off the field of vision and color in spectacles has entered a new cycle.

That it is possible to match or contrast your glasses with your clothing removes every vestige of the let's-make-the-best-of-it attitude previously adopted by young women and girls, who now obviously find it far from unpleasant to perch a pair of gay, whimsical-looking specs upon a pert nose.

Of course, where it is only possible to have one pair of glasses at a time, a neutral colored frame is best—tortoiseshell, light-blue perhaps, or flesh. All are good harmonisers and pleasant as a steady diet.

If you have light-colored eyes, stay away from too dark frames which tend to obscure them.

White frames with green lenses seem to typify a place in the sun. Blue looks soft and feminine, and is a color almost anyone can wear. Black for contrast with blonde hair, a red dress, a sultry suntan, or for harmony if you have black hair, or wear a lot of black.

Red for accent. Dramatic with black, green, or male-suit grey. Lavender for blondes, also charming with grey hair, a pink dress, a brown suit. Kelly-green is also a dashing accessory color with white, black, gold.

Oval-shaped lenses are for the girl with a small face. The tip-tilted Harlequin outline for elfin features. Well-proportioned curves if the face is round, and a frame which follows the shape of the eye-socket if the face is long and slender.

Your optician is the man to consult on the most becoming shape for your particular bone structure. Remember the one selected must be equally flattering to your profile as it is full-face, the general idea being to pick a frame that is attractive in the over-all sense of shape and line.

Look for the shape of the eyes and the line of the brows showing a little above the frames, so that the glasses will not change the natural expression of your face. When glasses seem "right" to you, they will seem natural to your friends also.

Where spectacles become involved, make-up, hairdo, and hats are prime factors. The first must be light, careful, crafty; a breath of rouge, widening out on the cheek, continuing right up under the frame. Natural eyebrow curves, a flick of mascara on outer lashes only, eye-shadow maybe, depending upon the lens.

Because a bright mouth gives the face better balance, accentuate the positive color of lipstick, matched or contrasted with glass-rims.

Face up to the fact that the choice of a hairdo is rather restricted because you wear glasses, but don't let it stop you from experimenting with new styles; keep the brow clear for sure, avoid too severe styles, build up one side for a change, and try to break hard side lines with wings of hair or fullness.

The new elliptical line in hats, emphasising width on the sides, will "do" more for the spectacled profile than the small befeathered, beflowered and heavily bevelled numbers of the "doll" variety.

Comprehensive 12-Pattern Layette For Baby, 3/6. SPECIALLY selected for infants by Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft nurse, layette comprises nightgowns, dresses, carrying coat, matinee jacket, undershirt, pilchers, bonnet, booties, bib, mittens.

Patterns are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney, for 2/6, post free.

## NOT A SHADOW OF A DOUBT

You're poised, self-assured, because you know no tell-tale outlines show when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins. The special, flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines... keep your secret safe. Just one of many important Kotex features that are all very personally yours.



You're so at ease with that all-elastic Kotex Belt—so snug—so smooth-fitting—no binding.



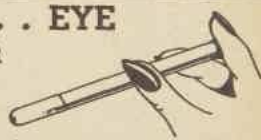
WOMEN EVERYWHERE  
PREFER KOTEX

## DR. NEWELL'S . . . EYE DROPS . . . . . FOR CLEAR BRIGHT EYES

You can't replace your eyes! So look after them. Keep them healthy, bright, alert and clear with DR. NEWELL'S EYE DROPS—3 times daily. Tired, aching eyes get quick relief, and these drops keep them free from eye infections—red rims and inflammation.

OBTAINABLE  
AT CHEMISTS,  
OPTICIANS,  
AND STORES.

2 DROPS  
CLEAN SOOTHE  
IN SECONDS!



"The Tonic for Tired Eyes"

★ MAKE THIS  
TEST.  
Put a few drops of  
DR. NEWELL'S in  
one eye ONLY, and  
in ten minutes note  
the difference be-  
tween each eye!

## Feather Light... BUT FIRM CONTROL

Strong and supple yet light in weight—these are two things that modern women look for in Foundation garments. — Corlasto Foundations, MADE OF TWO WAY STRETCH ELASTIC NET provide the answer... emphasised by beautiful style and finish.

Corlasto  
THE FASHIONABLE FIGURE FOUNDATION  
NOVOLINE  
THE MODERN BRASSIERE



AT ALL  
LEADING  
STORES IN  
AUSTRALIA

CAS 219

# "PERFECT for a party supper -this gala Kraft Cheese Ring"



says **Elizabeth Cooke,**  
Kraft's Famous Cookery and Nutrition Expert



Enjoy the blended goodness of Kraft Cheddar Cheese in party supper treats like this Gala Kraft Cheese Ring... and **always** keep it handy to add delicious flavour and food value to your everyday meals.

## A Highly Nutritious Food

Ounce for ounce, there's no other basic food to equal cheese for complete, high quality proteins... for calcium, phosphorus and other valuable nutrients of milk.

So ask for Kraft Cheddar Cheese in the 8 oz. packet.

**ECONOMY NOTE:**—It costs less to have the exact amount you require cut from the Kraft 5 lb. loaf.

**KRAFT CHEESE tastes better...**



Listen to "Mary Livingstone, M.D."—every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning in all States.

## Gala **KRAFT** Cheese Ring

2 cups flour; 2 tablespoons shortening; 2 teaspoons baking powder;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup liquid (all milk or half milk and water); 1 teaspoon salt; 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese (shredded).

Mix dry ingredients and sift twice. Work in shortening with tips of fingers. Add the liquid gradually, mixing with a knife to a soft dough.

Toss on a floured board and roll to an oblong sheet, almost  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. Sprinkle generously with shredded cheese (currants and sultanas may be added

also). Roll up carefully like a jelly roll and bring the two ends together to form a ring.

Place on a baking dish. With sharp scissors cut into the roll diagonally about 2" apart, from the outside of the ring to two thirds of the way to the centre and turn the petals slightly as illustrated. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 400 degrees until done and lightly browned. Serve hot.



Stays Fresh  
in its  
hygienic foil  
wrapping

because it's

**BLENDED  
BETTER**

## Bonny Young Australians

... born  
under the Sign of



## VIRGO

Astrological authorities say that those who are born between August 21st and September 21st, under the zodiacal sign of Virgo, may well be intellectual, with keenly retentive memories and the inclination to analyse and reason carefully. They may also be cautious and discriminating about those with whom they associate and sensitive to their surroundings. The mothers of these three tots are laying the foundations for their future success by building up their health with vitamin-rich Vegemite.



GEOFFREY TYMMS

Geoffrey is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Tymms of Burke Road, North Balwyn, Victoria, and September 12th is the date of his third birthday. Mrs. Tymms says: "Geoff has Vegemite every day and I'm sure the vitamins in Vegemite have helped to make him such a sturdy, energetic child."



ROGER HEWITT

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt of Bondi, N.S.W., Roger has his fourth birthday on September 19th. "Roger is a very lively child," Mrs. Hewitt says "and I thank the vitamins in Vegemite for keeping him so healthy and full of energy."



PETER PARSONS

September 15th is the date of Peter's third birthday and he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Parsons of Musgrave Road, Sunnybank, Brisbane. Mrs. Parsons says: "The local Infant Welfare Centre told me that Vegemite contains vitamins which are essential for growing children. That's why Peter has some Vegemite every day and he is the picture of health."

**Vegemite**—a little does a power of good, because it is:

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> (Aneurin)
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> (Riboflavin)
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagric factor (Niacin)
- ★ Tastier and costs less.



A hearty welcome to haricot beans, split peas, sago, tapioca, and other ingredients the homemaker has missed so much during recent years.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts.

SOME favorite dishes may now be restored to the menu and a greater variety of foods provided. Split peas, lentils, haricot beans, sago, tapioca, prunes, local packs of fish, white pepper, and mustard are now available.

Asparagus, arrowroot, imported tinned fish can be had occasionally. Dates, dried fruits like raisins and apples, are plentiful in season.

Dried apricots and peaches, canned fruits are limited; coconut is spasmodic; meat and vegetable extracts are scarce; peppercorns still unprocurable.

#### HOME-BAKED BEANS

Three-quarters of a pound haricot beans, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 3 level tablespoons margarine, 3 level tablespoons flour, 1 pint meat or vegetable stock, 1 dessertspoon treacle, 1 tin tomato soup (12oz. size), 2 tablespoons diced lean bacon, salt to taste.

Wash beans, cover with boiling water. Add carbonate of soda and soak overnight. Drain, cover with fresh boiling water, cook gently 1 hour.

Melt margarine, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in stock, continue stirring until boiling. Add treacle, tomato soup, bacon, salt to taste. Add drained beans. Turn into casserole, cover and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 3 to 3½ hours. Remove lid from casserole and stir occasionally. Serve hot, garnished with rolls of grilled bacon.

#### CALVES' BRAINS IN POTATO CASES

Two sets calves' brains (or 3 sets sheep's brains), 3 level dessertspoons margarine, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 pint milk, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 3oz. diced ham, 2 or 3



Homely Favorites

#### JELLIED BRAWN MOULD

Three sheep's tongues, 1 knuckle of veal, 4 bacon bones, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup cooked carrot slices.

Wash and trim tongues. Place in large saucepan with knuckle of veal and bacon bones. Completely cover with water, boil gently 3 hours or until stock has reduced to half. Remove bacon bones. Skin tongues, discarding root and gristle, shred finely. Cut meat from knuckle of veal, shred finely. Add shredded tongues and veal to liquid. Dissolve gelatine in extra hot water, use a small quantity to set a pattern of peas and carrots in bottom of wetted mould. Stir balance into brawn mixture, fill into mould. When firm and set, unmould on to serving-dish and garnish with salad vegetables.

#### CRUMBLE-TOP BAKED APPLES

Four cooking apples, 3 tablespoons water, 3 tablespoons sugar, piece of lemon rind, 2 cloves, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon

cinnamon, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar.

Peel and core apples, cut into eighths. Place sugar, water, lemon rind, and cloves into saucepan. When boiling, add prepared apples. Cover and simmer until apples are tender. Remove lemon rind and cloves. Drain syrup off and reserve. Place apples in greased ovenware dish. Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon. Rub in margarine or butter until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Add sugar, mixing well. Sprinkle thickly over apples, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with apple syrup or custard.

#### SAGO PLUM PUDDING

Two tablespoons sago, 1 cup milk, 1 scant teaspoon carb. soda, 2 heaped dessertspoons margarine or butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 cup raisins (or mixed fruit), 1 teaspoon salt.

Soak sago overnight in milk. Add

HOME-BAKED BEANS, jellied brawn mould, brains in potato cases . . . simple, wholesome fare with a truly farmhouse flavor.

crushed carb. soda. Soften margarine or butter, gradually add sugar and lemon rind. Beat until creamy. Stir in sago, milk, and soda. Fold in breadcrumbs, raisins, and salt, mixing well. Turn into well-greased mould, cover with greased paper, steam 2½ to 3 hours. Serve hot with sauce or custard.

#### SPLIT-PEA SOUP

Quarter pound split peas, 3 bacon bones, 3 teaspoons salt, 2 quarts water (or meat or vegetable stock), 1 large carrot, 3 sticks celery, 1 onion, small piece swede, blade of mace, 1 teaspoon pepper (or 5 or 6 peppercorns when available), 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped mint leaves, croutons of toast.

Wash peas, cover with cold water, soak overnight, strain. Place in large saucepan with bacon bones, salt, and water. Bring to boil, add chopped vegetables, simmer 3 hours. Remove

bacon bones, rub soup through strainer. Return to saucepan, bring to boil. Stir in blended flour, continue stirring while soup simmers 5 minutes longer. Add chopped mint. Serve with croutons of toast.

#### TAPIOCA CUSTARD

Three dessertspoons tapioca, 1 cup water, 1 pint milk (or 2 heaped tablespoons powdered milk beaten into 1 pint lukewarm water), 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla.

Wash tapioca well, cover with 1 cup cold water, soak overnight. Drain liquid off, place in saucepan with milk. Cook gently over low heat, stirring occasionally, until tapioca is clear and soft. Allow to cool. Add beaten eggs, sugar, and vanilla, mix well. Turn into ovenware dish, stand in tin of cold water. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) until custard is set. Serve hot or cold.



Brimming with  
luscious cream...  
that's TRUFOOD

The richest, freshest powdered milk  
you've ever tasted!

A half gallon of new milk; straight from lush clover pastures. Packed in an airtight tin to seal its goodness. That's a tin of Trufood. Fresh meadow milk with just the water removed. No wonder it's the lushest powdered milk of all. Drink it... cook with it... give it to baby... whenever you need milk, use Trufood.



Mixed and made  
in a moment!  
You get a full  
half-gallon of  
rich dairy milk,  
containing nearly  
half a pint of  
cream, from  
every 12 ounce  
tin of Trufood.

★ Only fresh milk goes into  
Trufood — no preservatives of  
any kind are added.

TF.74.28

Which day do YOU  
serve SAVOY?

Sunday is my trouble-free SAVOY DAY. On Sunday nights the family like a home-cooked meal. But why toil while others rest? I pop a favourite SAVOY dish in the oven (it's as easy as that), then relax.

Always  
Soy

**Savoy**  
NUTRIFOODS

MACARONI  
SPAGHETTI  
AND OTHERS

SAVOY NUTRIFOODS PTY. LTD., 20 GEORGE STREET, LEICHHARDT, N.S.W.

High spirits and radiant  
health... come from ENO!

Bright eyes! Clear skin!  
These are the outward  
signs of a system kept free  
of bodily waste. Make sure  
of inner health by taking  
a regular sparkling glass of  
Eno's "Fruit Salt," and  
keep your system free from  
the poisonous food waste  
that saps your vigour.



Take **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"**  
SPARKLING... REFRESHING... AN AID TO GOOD HEALTH



**SAVORY SUGGESTION.** Alternate layers of onion, tomato, and cooked meat left over from a previous meal make a luncheon dish combined with rich brown gravy and topped with some rolls. It should be baked in a hot oven 15-20 minutes until rolls are cooked.

Prizewinning recipe...

## LUNCHEON SALAD

● Serbian tomatoes, which wins the main prize for a reader this week, is a continental addition to the luncheon salad list.

**SLICED** tomatoes, grated onion and luncheon sausage are combined with lemon-flavored salad-dressing and placed under a weight for from two to three hours to mix the flavors thoroughly.

### SERBIAN TOMATOES

One pound tomatoes, 1 lb. luncheon sausage, 1 onion, parsley, salt, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon salad oil or 1 tablespoon melted butter, sugar and salt to taste.

Dip tomatoes into boiling water, remove skins, slice thinly. Mince or finely chop the luncheon sausage. Place in deep basin with finely chopped onion and parsley. Make a thin, smooth dressing by combining all other ingredients. Add to mixture, stirring well together. Add salt to taste. Cover with saucer or small plate and place weight 3 lb. to 4 lb. on top. Allow to stand under pressure 2 to 3 hours. Mix well again before serving in lettuce cups with minted new potatoes and other salad vegetables.

First Prize of £1 to V. Foulkes, 77 West Esplanade, Manly, N.S.W.

### BAKED ORANGE PUDDING

Half cup flour, 1 cup cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, small 1 cup milk.

**Orange Marmalade Sauce:** One tablespoon orange marmalade, juice of 1 orange, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, good squeeze of lemon juice.

**Pudding:** Sift flours, salt, and baking powder. Rub in shortening—add orange rind and sugar, mixing well. Beat egg, add milk. Stir into dry ingredients, mixing to fairly soft batter. (It may not be necessary to add all liquid.) Place in greased ovenware dish and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve with orange marmalade sauce or heat a small quantity of marmalade and spoon over pudding before serving (see illustration).

**Marmalade Sauce:** Blend cornflour with orange juice. Combine

water, sugar, and marmalade, place in saucepan to heat. When nearly boiling stir in blended cornflour, cook for 2 or 3 minutes. Add lemon juice. Serve hot with orange pudding.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Morris, 24 Thornleigh St., Thornleigh, N.S.W.

### STUFFED LOIN OF VEAL

Loin of veal, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 finely minced onion, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon melted shortening, pinch nutmeg, pinch herbs, 1 egg-yolk, dripping, equal quantities soft breadcrumbs and grated cheese.

Mix breadcrumbs with onion, salt, pepper, herbs, nutmeg, and shortening. Moisten with egg-yolk, reserving a little to brush joint later. Stuff loin of veal with seasoning. Skewer neatly or sew up with cotton. Place in baking-dish with about 1 lb. melted fat. Place in moderate oven (325deg. F.) and bake approximately 2 hours, basting occasionally. Remove from baking-dish, brush with beaten egg. Cover thickly with breadcrumbs and cheese mixed together. Return to oven till cheese is melted and crumbs lightly browned. Serve with apple sauce and baked vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. O'Donnell, 116 Shaftsbury Pde., Thornbury N17, Vic.

### FRUITY MALT COOKIES

Two tablespoons malt extract, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, about 1 cup milk, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Dissolve malt in hot water. Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, and beat well. Add milk to dissolved malt. Sift flour and salt, add alternately with milk and malt to creamed mixture. Lastly fold in sultanas. Place in small spoonfuls well apart on greased slide, bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. When cooked and cooled, cookies may be covered with lemon icing and sprinkled with chopped nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Petters, No. 3 Delta, 76 Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.



JUST the thing  
for a simple tasty  
sweet. Heated  
marmalade jam  
may be spooned  
on top of pudding  
as shown right, in  
place of orange  
marmalade sauce.  
See prize recipe  
above.



SMART WOMEN  
RELY ON

**Kirby  
Beard**  
Specialities



Obtainable from all good Stores, made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham 12, England

For Breathless  
Moments...



**SWEET-N**  
Breath Tablets

**MOTHER  
CRAFT**

A TOPIC THAT  
IS ALWAYS NEW

Mothercraft is a never-ending vigil, just as necessary through school years as in babyhood. And now—when every child must be on tip-toe with alertness—mother needs to realise how essential it is to keep the system functioning regularly with the gentlest and best children's aperient—Steedman's Powders.

For Steedman's, which are invaluable through teething time and babyhood, are just as beneficial during school years. They ensure that gentle regularity and purity of blood stream which maintain health and give zest to tackle the problem of growing up in a difficult world.

So give Steedman's Powders from teething to teens. Look for the double EE on every wrapper to ensure that they are genuine. Made only by John Steedman & Co., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

**fortuna  
cloth**

Keep him

**WELL**

this  
Winter



Keep your boy free from winter ills and chills...by serving a piping hot WEETBIX breakfast on cold winter mornings. Rich in whole wheat nourishment and goodness—and enriched with precious Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> — these crisply toasted breakfast biscuits supply heat-producing carbohydrates in abundance — and take little time to prepare because you just add HOT milk! From all grocers!

**Weet-Bix**  
**VITAMIN FORTIFIED**  
**BREAKFAST BISCUITS**



JUST ADD **HOT** MILK!

The Sanitarium Health Food Company

W 267-5423

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 23, 1947

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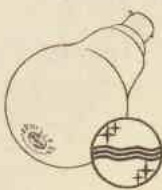
Every car needs  
a spare tyre

and every home  
needs spare lamps



When a lamp fails, leaving gloom,  
Never rob another room.  
Have a Philips 'spare' on hand  
Because—as you will understand—  
To rob one room to light another  
Gets you nowhere—does it, mother?

**PHILIPS  
LAMPS**



*The New*  
**SLIMFORM**

PERFORATED LATEX CORSET

Gives that sleek line you  
desire. Takes inches off  
fuller figures—the  
amazing transformation  
is evident immediately.



Actual size of perforations  
which permit skin to breathe.

Your Waist and  
Hips reduced 3  
inches in 10 days

**Genuine 10 DAYS  
FREE TRIAL**

With to-day's fashions demanding a slim figure-line, thousands of Australian women have lost surplus inches with the new Slimform Girdle. This is not just an ordinary corset, but a form-fitting garment of exclusively constructed latex material. The massage-like action of its perforations reduces unwanted fat—flattens the diaphragm and slims the waist and hip line. You reduce simply, safely and quickly. The Girdle being worn as a fashion garment at all times, it actually serves a dual purpose.

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Take advantage of our  
**10 DAYS TRIAL OFFER**

GENUINE 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL  
OFFER will prove that this amazing  
girdle takes at least three inches off  
your waist, hips and diaphragm or  
it will not cost one penny.  
Write now. We will send you the  
Slimform Girdle FREE TRIAL OFFER.

**SLIMFORM GIRDLE PTY. LTD.**  
DEPT. DA., 164 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.



TWO CHOICE CAMELLIAS—left, the petaloid (or double-centred) form of Crimson Cup, and, right, the lovely yellow-centred single type of the same name.

## GARDEN ARISTOCRATS...

● Although rather slow growers, like most long-lived shrubs, camellias are worth waiting for.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

**M**EMBERS of the tea family (for the tea of commerce is the Thea bohea, a true camellia), camellias are handsome evergreens with glossy, rich green foliage and blooms ranging from snowy white through many shades of pink, red, and cerise.

Camellias are excellent for landscaping, foundation plantings, formal or informal gardens, and where well protected from adverse wind and intense heat make good screens and hedges.

Natives of the hillsides and valleys of Asia, they require a fair amount of shade during our summer days, and for that reason do best when grown in association with taller trees that will cast a shadow on them during the afternoon.

Some varieties, however, can be planted well out in the sunlight, and rarely fail to produce thousands of lovely, waxy blooms over a long period in winter in the cool to warm parts of the Commonwealth.

Blooms are unexcelled for table decorations, boutonnières, head-dresses, and corsages. Florists pay good prices for unblemished camellias, and many folk are earning good pocket-money from their culture.

While they will adapt themselves to a wide range of soil types, from rich sandy loams to heavy clays, they appear to do best in the medium to heavy soil districts. The soil for camellias must be acid, as they are known to be lime haters, but they will do quite well in soil with a pH ranging from 4.5 to 6.5.

One of the common mistakes by amateurs is to plant camellias too deeply, or to set them out when very young in hot, sandy soil. They should be set out the same depth as when in the nursery, that is, with the crown just peeping above the soil, and no deeper.

Mulching all round with old tan-bark or a thick blanket of leaf-mould, peat moss, peat mulch, or other moisture-retentive material of an acid nature is absolutely

essential in the young stages of growth, or if the shrubs are grown in deep tubs or big concrete pots.

Where camellias are grown in pots or tubs in very hot situations, they should be given sufficient protection during dry, windy weather or on hot days to prevent the buds drying out.

New varieties with big flowers are much less subject to "balling" or non-opening of the buds than the older species, but at the same time this balling is often the result of exposure to adverse winds, fierce sunlight during budding, and dryness in the soil.

Protection on hot days, with a

hessian screen or something similar, or shifting tubbed specimens to the shade of a tree, will often prevent this disappointing and annoying refusal of the flowers to open.

Most growers here use no fertilisers other than cow manure in liquid form. Leafmould that is rotted and breaks up easily is also a safe top-dressing material, and should be used generously.

Some of the most beautiful species and varieties in existence are now available to gardeners in Australia. Those shown on this page and next week's cover of The Australian Women's Weekly were grown by Camellia Grove Nursery, Pittwater Road, St. Ives, N.S.W.



SPLENDID 5 ft. SHRUB of Great Eastern Camellia—a showy double crimson type which blooms over a long period from early June.

## Miss Precious Minutes Says:

**C**URTAINS will slip back easily on to their rods if the finger from an old glove is placed over the end of the rod.

**I** HOPE that you always empty the salt from your silver salt-shaker after every meal, as salt corrodes silver.

**N**EVER leave feather pillows for too long in bright sunlight. Heat destroys natural oils in the feathers.

**I**F marquise or voile curtains look almost too fragile to stand another washing, do this: Wrap them loosely in cheesecloth or similar material and swish through suds. Leave them in the cloth and squeeze gently with hands. When hanging out to dry, place a piece of strong material over curtains if pegging. This will prevent pegs from making holes. If possible, dry sufficiently for ironing without pegging to line.

**F**OR a glossy starched finish, add a teaspoon of salt or a few drops of turpentine or glycerine to the starch when making. This will also prevent the starch sticking to iron.

**P**ASTE a narrow piece of sand-paper along the inside bottom edge of pictures or mirrors that are difficult to hang straight. The rough side of the paper grips the wall.



HERE'S A HINT for travel comfort: Seal your favorite perfume bottle with colorless nail polish, and then you'll have no fear that it may leak. At the end of the journey, simply remove the lacquer with a little nail polish remover.

## Don't let success SLIP AWAY

Do you still have the buoyant energy that brought happiness, money and success in business? Do you still radiate charm in your social life? Or are you depressed, nervy, irritable, your hard-won success and popularity just slipping away from you through weariness and nervous strain? If that is a true story, you need WINCARNIS, the "quick action" tonic. WINCARNIS is a natural tonic wine that fortifies the nerves and brain, is blended from choice wines and strengthening ingredients. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men prove how WINCARNIS brings back the alertness of normal health. You'll feel brighter in mind and body with the first glass of WINCARNIS, the "Quick Action" tonic.

**ASK FOR**

**Swift**

for satisfying and savoury meals

The best of meat and the best of packing combine in this luncheon or dinner treat to coax the appetite or satisfy desire ... "SWIFT"—the quick way to delightful meals.

\*Swift products are ALWAYS good

**SWIFT**  
PORK & BEEF  
LUNCHEON MEAT



BEAUTIFUL CAMELLIA BLOOMS arranged in a bowl show how the waxy flowers can be used for floats or similar containers. For dinner-table arrangements the flowers are perfect. These choice blooms were grown by Camellia Grove Nursery, Pittwater Road, St. Ives, N.S.W.

FOR YOU TO MAKE . . .

## Sewing apron and useful bag



HERE is a pretty and versatile checked apron designed to hold your needlework or knitting.



SLIP TOP and ties into the pocket, pull up draw-strings, and your frilly apron becomes a bag.

- An apron bag is a useful gift for the friend with busy fingers, or for the girl who is making pretty things for her trousseau.

THE one pictured above was made from gingham with a plain strip for waistband and centre front of pocket, combining odd bits of material.

Out or join material into the following pieces:—

For the apron back a piece 6in. by 21in.; for the pocket two pieces each 12in. by 21in.; for an inside pocket 8in. by 6in.; for the waistband 12in. by 3 1/2in.; for apron ties two strips each 2 1/2in. by 30in., and a 1in. strip 21in. long for casing.

As well you need 5yds. ribbon 1 1/2in. wide.

First lay your two large pocket pieces together and curve off the lower corners. Hem one long side of the inside pocket piece and turn in the remaining raw edges.

Place the base of the small inside pocket 4in. from base of one pocket piece on wrong side and stitch. Join apron back to this piece so that right side of apron back is joined to wrong side of large pocket.

Cover join on right side of apron with narrow strip to make a casing. Hem long straight side of front pocket piece.

Place front pocket over back pocket, right sides together, and join all round. Turn to right side.

Cut off 2 1/2yds ribbon and gather to fit round apron. Turn in each side of apron back and stitch frill along edge, continuing by stitching edge of frill in french seam round big pocket.

Gather up top of apron to fit waistband.

Hem the strips and join to each end of band.

Make eyelet holes in pocket casing and hem of front pocket and thread ties of the remaining ribbon.

## Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION

BOILS  
SPRAIN, BRUISE  
SORE MUSCLES

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and sore throat.

Apply an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable — then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Effective and soothing for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain, reduces swelling, loosens up stiff, aching muscles due to a sprain, bruise, similar injury or condition. It is also effective for boils. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE at your chemist or store to-day.

## Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed Quickly

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no atomiser. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing, but builds up the system to ward off future

attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

# Mendaco

Now in 2 sizes 6/- and 12/-

## build up on Benger's



The most nourishing and delicious bedtime drink

Here is something to know—milk can be a strain on the digestive system. That is why thousands are taking Benger's Food, which prevents the formation of the heavy, tough curds that milk forms inside you. Benger's predigests the milk so that all its goodness and that of Benger's Food itself is easily assimilated by the system.

FOR GENERAL USE: Mixed and made in half a minute.

# Benger's Food

The Perfect Nightcap

BF-2.14



Trousseau Lingerie

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Tailored with integrity and impeccably fashioned from fine fabrics . . . mementoes for a memorable occasion

Nightgowns

Discreetly daring . . . exquisitely feminine . . . symphonies in satin and georgette.

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A dainty "one-piece" garment, smart under your costume. Made with the famous Griffinette Reassure Top.

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Smooth fitting and beautifully tailored in silk, satin and fared designs.

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In silk and satin that mould your figure in slim, sculptured lines.

Fractional Fittings from 12 to 20

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A house that's lived in . . . where a family grows up and is loved in . . . soon becomes a home.



But it takes a lot of  
loving care to make  
your home last.

A house isn't built even when the builders at last walk out of it. It builds around you through the years. It takes on the character of you and your family. Why—it becomes a very part of your family and needs the same constant care.

It deserves the protection and beauty of good paint. Taubmans Paints come in a complete range of colors and types for use wherever your house needs the protection of paint. There's TAUBMANS SUPER PAINT—the top-standard house paint that stays fresh-looking longer, through all the changing seasons. This stubborn all-weather paint has an iron-hard surface that clings closer—gives real outdoor protection.

There's Taubmans quick drying, gloss finish DYNAMEL for those important inside-the-house jobs on chairs, cupboards,

tables. Or TAUBMANS SOLPAH for linos and floors—cement paths and steps—and many others. Taubmans Paints did a grand war job. One by one they're coming back again as we expand production as fast as we can. Your dealer might not always have the exact color or type of paint you require, but you will be able to get sufficient Taubmans Paint to give your home full protection and beauty.

You'll find your dealer helpful and anxious to supply you with your choice in—





Be sure and keep your feet in good trim if you want to get the best out of life. Just give them regular care with Zam-Buk and you'll get far more enjoyment from your holiday games, walks and dances.

Try this easy nightly treatment for a week and you will be delighted how comfortable your feet feel—how easier your shoes fit. First bathe and dry feet thoroughly. Then rub a little Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles and between toes. Being highly refined, Zam-Buk sinks deep into the tissues, quickly allaying aches and pains. It is wonderfully soothing and healing for sore, blistered feet and softens corns so that they can be easily removed.

**Zam-Buk**

THE NEW  
**Upson**  
FINGER-TIP LIGHTER  
Guaranteed  
FULLY SERVICED



- It's "Finger-Tip" action never fails.
- It is windproof.
- It has an everlasting wick.

13/3 everywhere

Distributors:  
T. R. URBAN & CO.  
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**Exciting new SRS hair routine**

**SHAMPOO**—Camilatone brings out the best in your hair... makes it soft and lovely. With every 7d. packet is Tonrinz, the way to RINSE and put back the highlights that give your hair a gleamy lustre. There's a shade for you and separate packets cost just 3d. Then, as the finishing touch,

**SET** with Lustraset. Not just a brilliantine, this new tonic fixative is all you need to keep hair healthy and beautiful. Large tube, 2/-.

**Camilatone**  
beauty shampoo and Tonrinz

Puts sunshine in your hair

# Fashion PATTERNS

**F4794**—Fetching little frock with a wide, loose, flowing skirt. Pattern obtainable with either long bell sleeves or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide, and 1yd. contrast for short sleeves, and 2½yds. 54in. wide for long sleeves. Pattern, 1/10.

**F4795**—You could be as pretty as a fashion-plate wearing this frock to your next big date in town. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide, or 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

**F4796**—A flattering blouse to smarten up your suits or long evening skirts. Pattern obtainable with either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide for short sleeves, and 2½yds. 36in. wide for long sleeves. Pattern, 1/8.

**F4797**—Informal dinner frock with soft lines. Pattern obtainable with either short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide for short, 2½yds. 54in. wide for long sleeves. Pattern, 1/10.

**F4798**—Smart tween-season dress. Pattern obtainable with either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide for short sleeves, and 2½yds. 54in. wide for long sleeves. Pattern, 1/10.

F4794

F4795

F4796

F4797

F4798

F4799

**F4799**—Cute button-up frock for a teen-ager. It features the new tab collar, played up with a neat bow. Pattern obtainable with either short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide for short sleeves, and 2½yds. 54in. wide for long sleeves. Pattern, 1/10.

• TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 37.

It's easy to catch a cold

It's easy to get relief

When you're tired and run down, a draught can lead to a cold.

Don't wait till it gets a grip, use Mistol—a few drops in each nostril—to clear up congestion and make breathing easier. Mistol brings quick relief.

For exceptionally stubborn conditions, use Mistol with Ephedrine.



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STOPS COLDS WHERE THEY START

BUT SERG, IT'S A SHAME TO WEAR A TUNIC OVER MY CRYSTAL SHIRT!



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**PRINCESS DYES**

DOUBLE SIZE PACKET 1/- EVERYWHERE



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it's **BETTER COFFEE**  
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to stay **BETTER LONGER***

**AS EASY  
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